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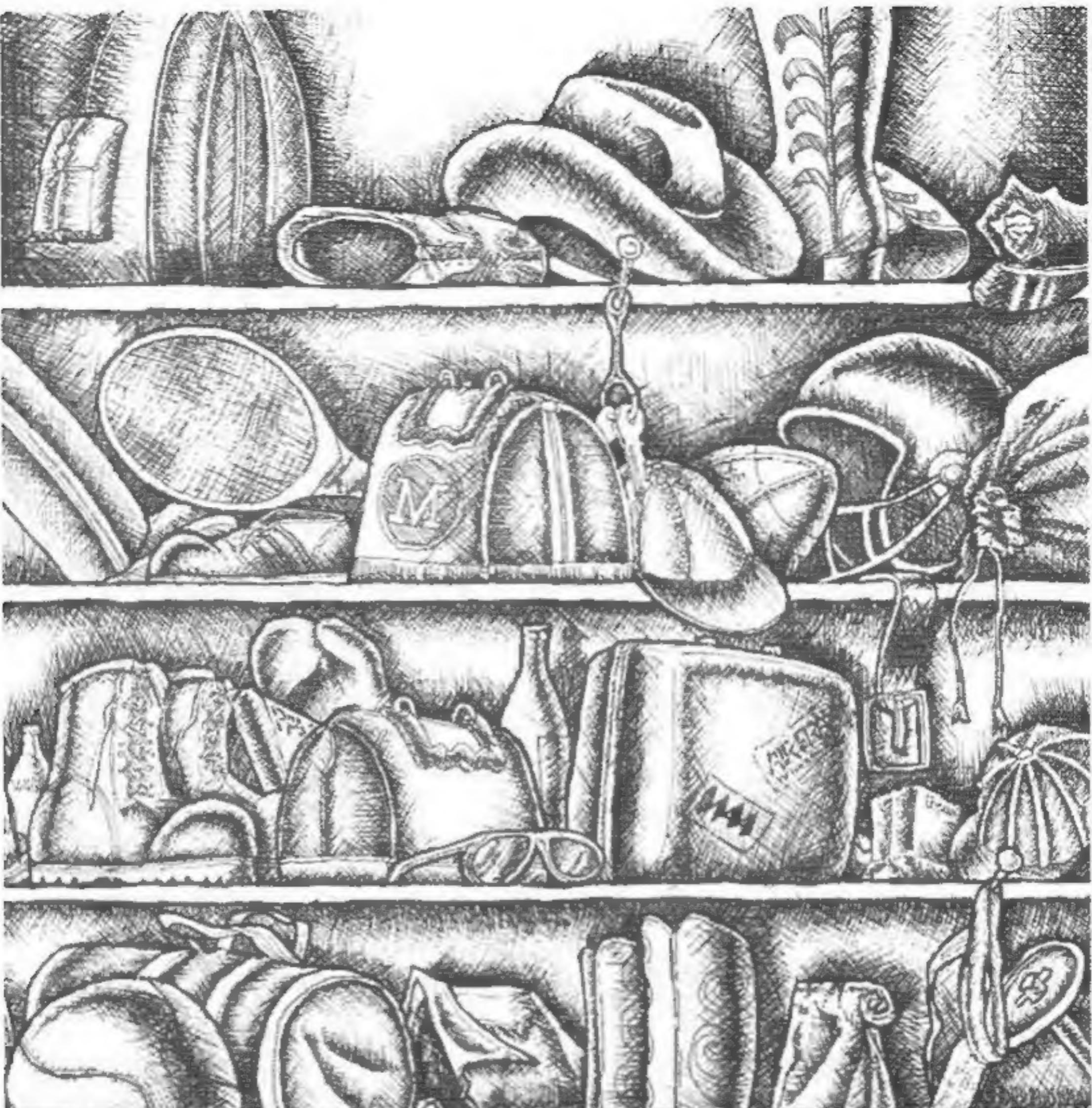
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DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 3



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

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This page photo: Athletic Model Guild*

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GETTING OFF

THE DRUMMER EXPERIENCE

Attitude begets attitude. And DRUMMER is a specialty mag requiring some understanding. DRUMMER is a sophisticated bag of fantasy and reality. Our articles and fiction assume a certain posture. DRUMMER gives guys reflections of themselves not to be found elsewhere. DRUMMER dares to show and tell things some guys only jerk off to when alone with their popper late at night. This kind of truth often scares the shit out of missionary-position vanilla gays whose Superegos are afraid of their Id.

CONSENT NOT BRUTALITY

DRUMMER is the stuff dark dreams are made of: perfect men of perfect dominance commanding men in compliant situations. To the unsophisticated queen, THE DRUMMER EXPERIENCE appears as violent as rape. To men with sense, DRUMMER clearly reflects sexual encounters, even therapy, between consenting adults. What freaks the blueballed out is their inability to distinguish real violence from the ritual of ruff-n-tumble sex. Censors always attack outside themselves what they find most frightening in their own souls. Guys who are scared of DRUMMER are perhaps frightened that given the right time with the right man in the right place they might, in fact, consent to realizing in bed the never-do-nothin'-nice-n-easy fantasies that lurk in their most secret heart of hearts.

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

DRUMMER is about Daddies. DRUMMER is about Saviors. DRUMMER is about the daring Animus of the human spirit. DRUMMER is about finding the apt projection of that part of one's own self that will control and discipline self the way only self can. Only on the literal surface is DRUMMER about DI's, rapacious bikers, and aggressive bodybuilder coaches who make you do push-ups until you eat their shorts. Underneath, DRUMMER is about needs the self can fulfill only by disciplining itself. The fact you can jerk off to DRUMMER's words and music is the sugar that helps this psychological sorting go down.

THE SECOND COMING OUT

DRUMMER is for men who are having or have had their Second Coming Out. The First Coming Out is easy. A young guy comes out into his genitalia, usually in his late teens or early twenties. Lots of guys think that's it: now they're grown up sexually. DRUMMER doesn't think so. We know the kicker: the surprise of the Second Coming Out that goes beyond cock and ass.

The Second Coming Out usually happens in the late twenties or early thirties, and is a trip of total body sensuality. A grown-up man finds there is more to sex than his crotch. His total body makes erotic demands to play and to please

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

HEAD SHAVING

Print the movie stills in your Mag of that great blond movie star, Jan Michael Vincent getting his head shaved bald as a Marine recruit in the movie made for television about 4 years ago, when he was still an unknown. It was called *Tribes* and released in England as "The Soldier Who Loved Peace." At the very start of the picture his head is shaved and he plays most of the movie that way.

The current film *Boys in Company C* just shows them after they are given a crew cut — not real life and missed a great shaving scene.

Are your writers running out of S&M scenes? Then get the paperback edition of football hero Lance Rentzel's autobiography — page 73 tells of his initiation at Univ. of Okla and page 121 tells of his Air Force Reserve head shave.

Let us see some: before, during and after head shaving pictures of young studs, like you described in your current issue in "Soldier." But where was the picture of that model being shaved? And not just a picture of a bald head but the actual shaving, as that makes a stud into a slave.

Up until 1969, when the student protests and too many women students changed the customs of many colleges, most of the private Southern colleges required all Freshman to get their heads shaved paid by the upper classmen. At Clemson Univ., Clemson, SC, not only were all heads shaved but were then painted by the upper classmen. The Frosh had to parade around with their painted heads at the first football game of the season.

Even now, many of the California high schools have frats that require any long haired or top athlete to get a head shave.

Let's see those young studs being turned into slaves — and the first lesson is a shaved head.

B.N.
New York

GETTING OFF

itself in true S and M — Sensuality and Mutuality — with other men.

DRUMMER is a mag for men of the Second Coming. DRUMMER is not for ordinary playguys in touch with Christopher Street honchos. DRUMMER is a reality statement for men of sophisticated sensuality. Sure, we have a lot of attitude about our attitude. If DRUMMER did not exist, we would have to be invented. DRUMMER feeds your appetite.

And nobody feeds you better!

— Jack Fritscher

OLDIES AND GOODIES

You and your staff put out a great magazine! Keep up the good work! I've noticed readers often give you some interesting suggestions — and that, unfortunately, more often than not you don't follow up on them. Well, it IS your magazine. But what the hell — here comes another unsolicited piece of advice. I'm into collecting old photographs of Americana, and I wonder if you couldn't send a few of your reporters out into the archives here and there to dig up photographs of mob violence, turn-of-the-century college hazing, and posed S&M too. You could do a series on violence in America similar to the Famous Sadists articles (but with photographs) or an article or two (or three) on changing college customs. And some of the old erotic photographs are the best ever produced. That's my suggestion and advice: do it! You have the nation's leading S&M periodical, Drummer, and my friends and I, at least, are going to continue to buy you — hoping you don't get stuck in a rut and start turning out repeats of themes you've already done well and subjects you've already treated the best anyone has ever done.

Though I'm not into boots myself, I do enjoy your articles on them and the boot fetishist. The new things you do print are very, very good!

JIM
Berwyn, PA

FANFUCKINGTASTIC

Fanfuckingtastic!!!

Somewhere between December 23, 1977 and January 1978 my cock began to get hard in anticipation of issue 20 of Drummer.

Well, having had a hard on for two months I must admit I was ready to shoot, and when you shot Drummer onto the newsstand, that's exactly what I did, all over myself.

You guys have succeeded in making Drummer a truly masturbatory, macho magazine.

From reality to fantasy "you got it!"

The coverage of the CMC Carnival, Night Flight and I-Beam all of which I attended; to Jack Fritscher's — Pissing in the Wind — were all HOT; and informative as to what's really happening in the homosexual leather, macho world.

Keep it up hot, sweaty and horny!!!

J.W.
San Francisco, CA

ANITA'S COMING

Seeing the final episode of "Holocaust" on TV reminded me that our brothers (called "strickjungen") suffered the same atrocities at the hands of the Nazis. The goal of the new Anita/Nazis

CIGAR 3000\$



CIGAR 3000\$

HANG ON! In bars triangled from LA to NYC to SFO, the hot new take is coronas, panatellas, and maduros. Longer than your dick and thicker than your finger, cigars are IN. Along with your boots, your downfilled vest, and your CAT ballcap what goes best with an open beer can in the cab of your buddy's new 4-wheel pickup? Answer: a good tasting, aggressive cigar bit down hard between a hard-driving man's teeth.

Some guys never think of cigars as erotic. They oughta think again while

they whistle along with The Eagles: "EVERYTHING ALL THE TIME." Some guys say, "Cigars? Never." Never say *never*. Today's *never* is next Saturday night's *fetish*. The fact is, cigars are the latest, hottest fever on the macho gay scene.

When you think about it, what besides cock better fits a leather/western/uniform man's face? Cigars, as symbols and for real, are pleasures the sensual hardass man can use for a very, very, very hot time.



The Philadelphia Eagles football team toughened their image by dragging their straight jock bods into western gear complete with big guns and bigger cigars.

NONSMOKERS' SURPRISE

In their first cigar encounter, even guys who smoke nothing but grass end up surprised that their nose has a sensuality beyond sweat, smegma, poppers and Coke. A cigar experienced from inside a scene is a totally different trip from the cigar your dad smoked in your family's old Studebaker with the windows rolled up. (Depending on your particular fetish: maybe not *totally*.) When you're a man, you put away the attitudes of a child. You're not afraid to sophisticate your head.

Cigars actually taste and smell terrific when the right man seduces you into their pleasures. Give a cigar a go once. Forever after you'll get hard fast at the sight of a young, blond trucker stopped at a traffic light with a butt clamped in his perfect white redneck teeth. You'll feel a deeper urge when you watch fresh USMC meatloaves strutting down the boulevards of Oceanside celebrating their first leave by treating each other to some hot-buddy cigars. And then there's those lockerroom jocks jawin' down on an A & C Grenadier.

QUARTERBACK'S BUTT IN GEAR

Oakland Raiders quarterback KENNY STABLER says: "Cigars are for victories. At least that's how it seems to me. Because I've never felt like smoking a cigar after losing a game. No matter how far ahead we were at halftime, I could never light a cigar up before the game was over. That would be too cocky [Stabler's word] even for me. Since I've been playing pro ball, I've smoked a lot. I'll

tell you true, a cigar's one beautiful smoke."

COP CIGARS

One cop-freak in Milwaukee, which has the most handsome young foot patrol in the USA, hangs out in coffee shops frequented by the best blue knights. Hard young cops are as partial as hot gays to cigars these days. Some of them swing out of their squad cars, half-smoked butts in their faces. They drop into the diner, order some coffee, lay their cigars in the ashtray when the food arrives, eat, and half the time exit with their butts abandoned. The cop-freak eases past their booth and scoops up the genuine, authentic cop-butts. (Authenticity, before all, is the essence of any true fetish.) At home, he bags the butts in his Seal-a-Meal, storing the baggies for a good night's fetish jerk-off: rubbing the cigars on his cock and balls, shoving them up his ass, wetting them in his mouth, lighting them up, pulling into his body the same rich, sweet smoke the cop only hours before had inhaled into his dark and hairy chest.

At one with that cop, he comes.

"Cigars," he says, "are my main turn-on. I've been smoking cigars off and on since I was 14. The first hardon and jack-off session I ever had was from watching a good-looking actor on a TV program smoke a cigar. The sight of a straight guy with a big cigar in his mouth and several more big ones sticking out of his shirt pocket never fails to get my cock stiff. I can get turned on just standing in front of a cigar counter watching what

kind of guy buys what kind of cigar. Cigars are a whole expressive attitude. Sometimes I light up a cigar and stand in front of the mirror and jerk off."

Ain't nothing wrong with that.

"I like big, thick, long cigars: maduros, emperors, coronas, and magnates. My main fantasies revolve around kinky, cigar-smoking sex with a partner who also turns on this way: rolling a cigar in my mouth that's been up his ass and vice versa; licking the spit off his cigar after he's rolled it in his mouth; transferring a cigar back and forth from his mouth to mine while we smoke it, inhale, and kiss each other man-to-man with mouths full of smoke. You get the drift."

MEAN TOKERS

Any scene you can think of, you can bet some guy somewhere is beating off to it. All you gotta do is find him. Some tokers are natural takers. Smoking is, after all, an essentially aggressive act. Two cigar-buddies wrote wanton ads and the best fifth of the gay macho world beat a path to their doors.

W/M jock, 27, good-looking cigar smoker, wants submissive males 25-50 to light my fire, lick my grimy boots, pig out on my sweaty asshole. Into uniforms, with stogie, with heavy humiliation. Beg for my sweaty pits. Suck my cum-filled jock. Eat my butts. Be my ashtray.

Oiled bodybuilder seeks mutual macho cigar lover to puff away while I pose for you as I smoke a big, fat cigar. Into mutual oil, cigar, and muscle scene. Not usually heavy



s and m, but will stub butt out on willing but of very willing depraved muscle slave.

Is this why NEWMAN and REDFORD smoked cigars in *The Sting*? Is this why O.J. SIMPSON and LEON SPINKS prefer to be photographed with cigars? Is this why DICK NOLTE smokes cigars heavily on and off the movie set? Cigars are a measure of image. So why even question

the latest macho turn-on.

Any erotically adventurous gay guy will say: "If you can name anything I haven't done, it's only because I haven't had the time—yet."

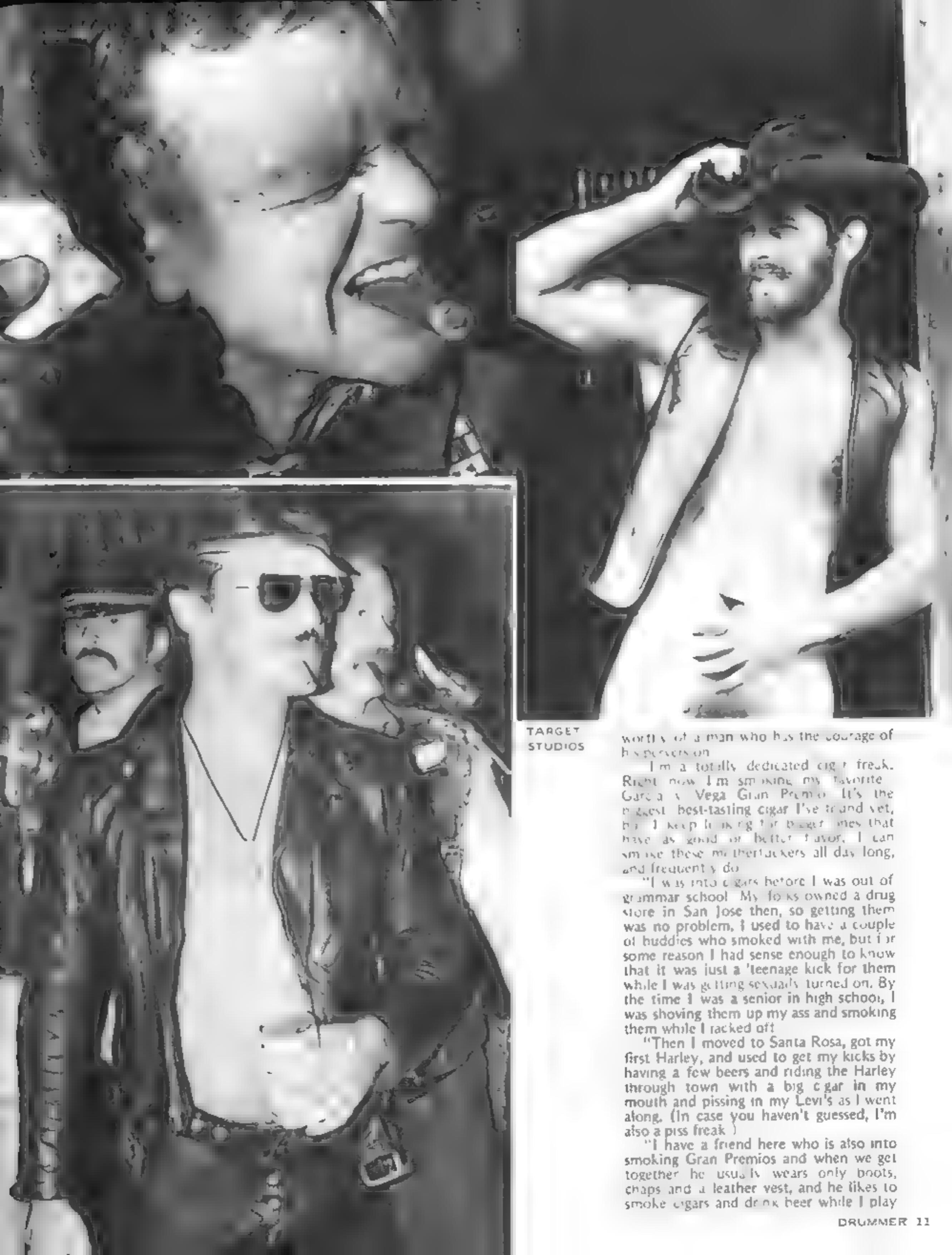
CIGARS LIKE CHAMPAGNE: AN ACQUIRED TASTE

Sometimes having a secret fetish is a lot like being a closet case. For a long, lonely time you're the only freak in the

world. Then comes the night you discover a buddy who, in the deep of the dark and the heat of his passion, confesses to a kink as closeted as yours. And there you are: Instant Brothers. No longer alone and feeling weird.

Sometimes a guy has a great rap on why a certain fetish intrigues the hell out of him. One of the most honest is a California biker who does a cigar "take"





TARGET STUDIOS

worthy of a man who has the courage of his perversions.

I'm a totally dedicated cigar freak. Right now I'm smoking my favorite Garcia y Vega Gran Premio. It's the biggest, best-tasting cigar I've tried yet, but I keep looking for bigger ones that have as good or better flavor. I can smoke these motherfuckers all day long, and frequently do.

"I was into cigars before I was out of grammar school. My folks owned a drug store in San Jose then, so getting them was no problem. I used to have a couple of buddies who smoked with me, but for some reason I had sense enough to know that it was just a 'teenage kick' for them while I was getting sexually turned on. By the time I was a senior in high school, I was shoving them up my ass and smoking them while I racked off.

"Then I moved to Santa Rosa, got my first Harley, and used to get my kicks by having a few beers and riding the Harley through town with a big cigar in my mouth and pissing in my Levi's as I went along. (In case you haven't guessed, I'm also a piss freak.)

"I have a friend here who is also into smoking Gran Premios and when we get together he usually wears only boots, chaps and a leather vest, and he likes to smoke cigars and drink beer while I play

Tom Hartman: "The universe is going to pieces and you're lying there reading *Town and Country* and smoking that crummy cigar."
Merle Jeeter: "I'll have you know this cigar came in an aluminum tube"

with him. He's a real professional cigar smoker—really digs it and does it well. I love to watch him smoke, and he knows it and loves to be watched. (He also has a bike and likes to ride around with a big cigar in his mouth to attract attention.) By the time he has finished three half-pints of beer (I get it second-hand), he is usually pretty far down on his second cigar, and he likes to fuck me in the ass while he finishes the second cigar. He chews the ends, rolls the cigars around in his mouth, inhales—really turns my ass inside out just watching him. He also likes to flick the hot ashes on me, spit tobacco juice on me, belch while I'm kissing him, and fart while I'm rimming him.

"Then we switch roles and I do the same thing to him. We have talked about getting into snuff but haven't done it yet. Have to leave something to look forward to. I know a few other guys who are into smoking cigars that have been up someone's ass, but not too many.

"I can turn on to any kind of sex with a guy into cigars, whether he is smoking them, I am, or both of us are. I dig being fucked while smoking a cigar, especially if the guy doing the fucking is smoking one, too. And the other way around is just as good. I like to suck off a cigar smoker, and dig getting sucked off while smoking.

"I have met some guys who are into smoking two or more cigars at a time. This can be a fuckin' turn-on, too.

"In addition to big, fat cigars, I like the really long, slender ones. I also personally prefer the dark ones to the lighter ones, but I'm not that particular. Any cigar smoker turns me on.

"I'm 40, 5'9", 160 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, eight-inch cock, and always eager to meet other dudes into cigars. I'm also into boots, Levi's, leather; however, age, race, build, whatever are all immaterial if the dude is into cigars. I have to admit it's a fuckin' turn-on to see a young dude puffin' on a stogie, though! Tell all those DRUMMER guys to keep on puffin'."

BISEXUAL BLOWS GAY SMOKE

When I asked my oiled bodybuilder for some leads on a mutual cigar smoker, he recommended a hot and free-swinging bi-guy in Southern California. We met in Hermosa Beach at that seaside restaurant where supposedly Leonard Cohen saw Suzanne take his hand. In that mixed crowd, alone in a corner booth, Doug told how cigars were his only connection to gay activity.

"I suppose I can be honest in saying I am a little frustrated in trying to satisfy my fantasies and sometimes I feel like I'm the only guy in town with my little secret fetish.

"Cigars and cigar smoke get me hot. Whenever I see a guy smoking a cigar or with one hanging out of his mouth, I go



crazy. Especially if the guy is in leather or is a super-macho type.

"As far as my experience into my trip, I've met only one person. I met a guy in Palm Springs. He was 42 years old, attractive, balding, and heavily tattooed. He was about 6'3" and 280 pounds. He had a big gut. He was more on the straight side than gay, but the two of us got on fine until he moved back to Wyoming.

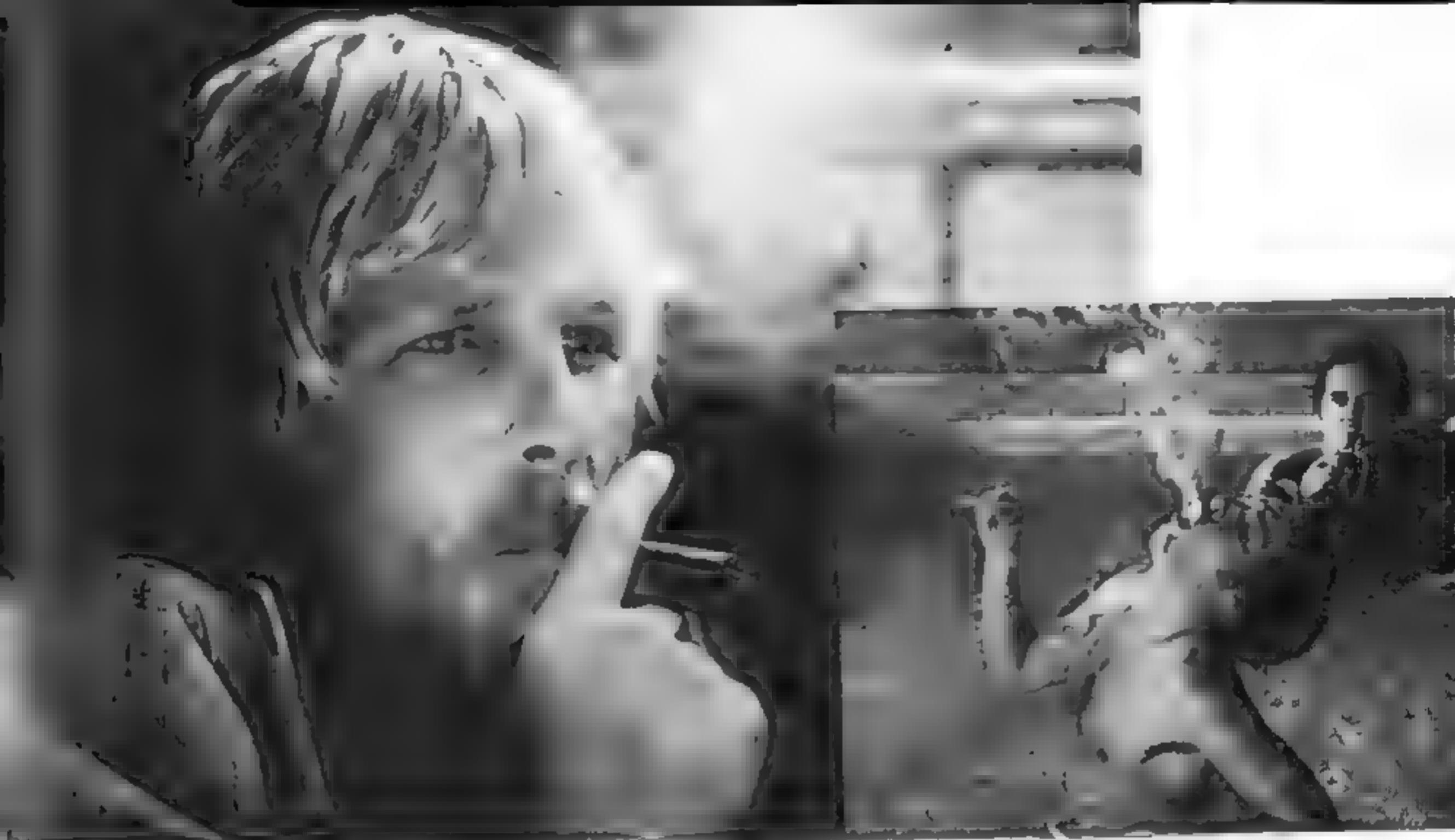
"I guess our scene was pretty much of a role-playing situation. He liked to sit on the toilet and have me suck his cock for hours. He would hang his cigar out of his mouth while I went down on him. When he took a drag, he liked to wet-kiss me and exhale his hot smoke into my mouth. What turned me on the most was while I was on my knees servicing him, he would constantly work on my tits

with his fingers. And he would talk to me and tell me it took a *real man* to smoke a cigar and I agree.

"He liked to fuck me with a cigar in his mouth and when he sucked on my nipples, he held his cigar between his fingers and played with my other nipple. We liked to sleep together. We had a good time and he was a good trip. I sure miss him.

"The only other adventures I've had are just macho trade types who would hang cigarettes out of their mouths while I sucked them off, usually at rest stops.

"I want to emphasize that I am bisexual. I do not turn on to the gay lifestyle. I like very macho men who don't look or act gay. Believe it or not, I've taken a lot of straight guys to bed. Most of my sex is with married or bisexual men. I do not relate to too many gays.



"I am completely french active. I have, at times, had fantasies of having a cigar-smoking man go down on me and me perhaps fucking him. But the situation has never happened where this could have occurred.

"I do have one reoccurring fantasy. At my place of employment, the president of my company, who is a very naturally elegant and tailored gentleman, always has a long, expensive cigar in his mouth. He is very refined-looking and very much a real man. Whenever I see him I fantasize on what it would be like to be with him alone while he smoked his cigar.

"Another thing: on occasion I go to redneck bars and watch truckers and cowboy types with cigars. Being shy in a bar, I don't make out a whole lot. But sometimes, when it's late enough and some cigar smoker is high enough, I get to get it on with what a lot of times I just have to be content looking at.

"Sometimes, too, I offer a guy in a straight bar a cigar. I always carry two or three in my shirt pocket. I get hard holding the match up close to his face, watching him puff and pull on that big cigar. He has no idea, at that seemingly innocent moment, what he's doing for my sex life. That is really and truly a CIGAR RAPE."

CIGAR CHAIN LETTERS

Some guys trade cigars like good Scouts trade comic books. Before a butt is completely burnt out, six or seven men may have smoked up to an inch apiece of it before they mail it on to the next guy. The cigar itself usually arrives in a well wrapped box. Rolled around the long brown cylinder that grows shorter as it makes the cigar-chain rounds is a

letter of erotic instructions.

A lineman for CILCO (Central Illinois Light Company) sent along the following directions with a cigar burnt half down on one end and well chewed on the other. He likes to drive his panel truck while he holds his burnt-out butt in his teeth:

"Hey Stoker

"The enclosed cigar has been lovingly prepared for your jerk-off by a generously endowed guy who, like you, loves to stroke and come while smoking a cigar. So take out your cock. Put on your cock-ring. Grease up. Light the cigar. Doesn't it smell great? Take a couple of long drags as you start stroking yourself. Then, think of me and how I got off on that *same* cigar. From my mouth to yours. The hands that I jerked off with touched that cigar and now you're touching it, too.

"I love guys who smoke cigars, all kinds, including the fuckers who stick their meat in assholes. But I like big meat, regardless: thick, huge pricks with nice, long, uncut heads and a deep-set rim around the head. I love to wrap my lips around the head and twist and twist and drive the guy horny mad. Then I piston him 'till he creams in my throat and I taste his delicious cum mixing with the taste of our cigars. Cum and cigars—ain't that a double dip?

"Hope you're enjoying your stroking and smoking. Putting a cigar in your mouth is like having a prick there. Fuck it in and out a bit, holding that cigar like a he-man stud. Try putting your fingers around it as you slip it in your mouth and let the lit part be toward the palm of your hand. Then take it out of your mouth and watch the prick-end smoke by itself.

"Wish we could be together! I'd like to suck you while you smoke. Hope you enjoy smoking the *same* cigar with a guy who's sucking you—it's great. Between sucks, when you're getting hot, hold the cigar out to him and let him take a couple of drags and blow on your cock as he goes back to work. Then you can kiss while mutually smoking the same cigar and smell and taste each other's cigar breath and moisture.

"Are you creaming yet? If not, keep going and come! Now, take out a fresh cigar when you're hard again and stroke and smoke some more. Finish about a third of it, then shoot. Then mail the cigar to me and tell me how you enjoyed it. I'll smoke another third and send it on to another cigar buddy and that way we'll complete the mutual jerk-off round.

"By the way, I'm eight inches uncut. I'm medium thick with low-slung balls. I like to stroke and j/o and smoke a cigar on the phone. We could really get each other hot. Do it once a week. You can call me collect any evening or week-ends. Keep trying if you can't get me the first time. Have it greased and hard and horny and tell me all about your technique. We'll shoot together over cigars. How about it? Do it soon. Send me your cigars and cum. Here's to lots of mutual cigar jerk-offs.

"Yours in thick blue stogie smoke,
Eddie."

S&M CIGARS

On Ringold Alley, south of Market Street in San Francisco, behind The Brig and not far from his favorite hangout, The Black and Blue, is a loft set up for heavy scenes by a guy who came to The City back in the Summer of Love. He

worked his way from the Haight to Folsom and he brought his astrology and his reincarnational feeling with him.

He's into cigars.

He's into knives and needles.

He's into cosmic endurance

"I'll tell you why I need, want, and prefer knife," he says. "In my last existence I was tortured."

To death?" I ask.

By men with cigars By men with knives"

"Where?" (I get told a lot of sh.t.)
"When?"

"Germany, I'm sure. The late 1930's."

"Sounds like a drug fantasy."

"This is reincarnational memory. I remember the looks on my executioners' faces. They held cigars right in their teeth. I wasn't more than about nineteen. Their hands seemed gigantic to me. Hard. Disciplined. Cold. They held me down on a cement floor. One by one each soldier took his cigar from his mouth. I was naked. One man burned me with his cigar. I refused to scream. Another took a puff. His cigar glowed very hot. He burned me. I would not scream. I could tell them nothing." He massaged his crotch.

They smiled and laughed. They liked what they were doing to me. The smoke around their faces and hair was blue and thick. They tied me stretched to iron rings in the floor. They made a contest of torturing me. They called the game *THE FIVE-MINUTE CIGAR*. They were young soldiers. Gaming. Every five minutes the whole night long every five minutes they burned me then cut me. Burned and sliced me. Every five minutes. Before dawn they ground out their butts on my body and stabbed me to death. Finally I screamed. I died that

time to looking into their smiling faces."

"This sounds," I say, "interesting. But like one too many acid trips."

"My actions," he replies, "speak louder than my words."

He leads me to the rear of his oft, into a special workroom he had built. The cubicle small dark and could not unlike the room he described in his story. He motions me to a stool in the corner. He positions himself before a large mirror. He stares straight into his own image, conjuring his other self stripping himself slowly as his intensity increases.

A man torturing himself is an incredible sight.

I sit silent, an observer at his private blood ritual. From the skin of his muscular torso, he must work on himself at least once a week. He is a beautiful man marked, burned, and cut with intricate designs.

In remembrance of his old blood spilled in that cellar, he takes deep pleasure in the slow lighting of his cigar, holding it, thick, brown and smoking, in his mouth, rolling it side to side, tasting it on his tongue, hot, spittable, and heavy. He breathes the smoke deep into his throat. His cock hardens.

He takes iron pleasure in pushing multiple needles through the skin of his belly and chest, nipples and foreskin. He holds the glowing red cigar tip, hot with his passioned puffs, against the needles through his flesh, conducting the heat from the cigar down the steel needles into his skin, cauterizing the pierced meat of his body. His cock, pierced and warmed, grows large in his endurance of the pain.

He lies back, puffs, inhales the smoke deeper, like a blue fist down his throat, smoking now as they had smoked then,

until, with one final glowing red puff, he holds the smoldering cigar quickly against the shaft of his cock. He shoots, his spilling load sanctifying, making bearable his remembered agony. In this way, his head copes. He joins what of the reincarnated past he cannot change. Only in the energy of his present lust is he strong enough to match the energy-drain of his last, past agonized death by cigars and knives. "I am," he explains to me later, "a victim and a celebrant of bloodlust." **SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES**

Someday smoking, like jerking-off, may be illegal in public. One good consolation: prohibition improves mystique. Fetishes, offbeat by essence, are always better as a low-profile trip. (Where would the fun of, for instance, rubber be if everybody wore rubber *in public* instead of *under* their three-piece suits like they're supposed to?) Smoking, after all, is a National American Fetish. I mean, where the fuck is Marlboro Country? Inside that best of all sex organs: our heads. That's where the fetish connections happen. Smoking in and of itself has nothing to do with sex, but advertising tells us different. Advertising programs the connections in our heads. Smoking, males learn, is what Real Men do.

The essence of a sexual fetish is that the fetish is not a mindless habit. A fetish demands full erotic attention. Habitual cigar smoking is too mindless to be a fetish, although cigars can be a habit with the man who then becomes, precisely because of his habit, the object of the cigar fetishist's full sexual attention. In the following case history, the cigar-smoking bodybuilder has a straightforward cigar habit; my erotically attuned friend, Dan Willoughby, also a bodybuilder, has a cigar fetish.

After a recent physique contest in LA, Ron pumped Dan, who works out with the Big Boys at Gold's, pointed to one of the runner-up contestants meeting his girl on the steps outside the auditorium. Standing with her on his hip while talking to his body-buddies, Mr. Muscles pulled out a cigar, fired it up, and gave attitude like the winner he very nearly was that night. His group lingered for almost twenty minutes. Dan moved downwind to inhale the cigar smoke blown carelessly away by the bodybuilder. (Fetishists thrive on the fact that you can do almost anything you want in public because, when you come right down to it, everybody else is so wrapped up in their own trip they have little time to really notice what you're doing anyway.)

When the physique star and his girl broke away from their group, we followed them to the vicinity of his car. When he unlocked her door, he wanted one more hit off his cigar, now burned down to a short butt. His huge bicep pumped up big as he curled his cigar up to his lips for the last drag. He inhaled deep, then dropped the butt to the concrete.

Dan said under his breath: "God! Don't let him grind it out with his boot." God heard his prayer.

Mr. Muscles drove off. Dan closed in on the butt like Galahad on the Grail. He took his prize home and did unspeakably wonderful things in the dark. Love is, after all, where you find it.



FIREBOMBER CIGAR SARGE

Sarge is hot. Really good looking. You offer him a cigar. He takes the box slowly. He pulls the cigar out slower. Long. Fat. Brown. Wrapper crinkles. Cigar is soft inside cellophane. Sarge tears wrapper deliberately with his strong teeth. Feels cigar. Smells good. Aroma. Wet lips. Inserts first one end of cigar. Then other. Licks it smooth and wet. Taste feels sharp on his tongue.

You kneel between his spread thighs. Look up to watch him reach into his fatigue pocket for a match. Cigar locks in his teeth. Poised. Wet. You wait for the moment. Incredible moment. When a man strikes fire. Lifts it to his face. Match in one hand. Cigar in other. You watch his face. You know the taste of a cigar lingering in a thick moustache.

Sarge rubs his hand across his crotch. Your mouth burrows down into his fatigues. Your eyes look up into his face. Instead of lighting the cigar, he holds the match. He stares straight into your eyes. The butt of cigarette just square from his mouth. Surrounded by moist lips. Locked tight in his teeth. The match burns. Sarge gives the cigar another slow, long flick. He clenches it hard. Your hand moves faster in anticipation of the moment the match will touch the tip. When deep blue smoke will rise from the hot, red coal.

Sarge touches the match to the cigar. Burn point. Smoke curls. Fills his mouth. Rises in a rich blue halo around his face and close-cropped hair. He pulls on it. Easy. Smooth. The tip glows hot. Red. A burning coal. A weapon.

You kneel adoring between his legs. Worshipping cock. Worshipping his face. The cigar smoke is his incense. Is your incense. The cigar is a thick cock. Wet. Hot. Burning. Commanding in his face. He exhales the smoke down on you. Spews smoke down on you. The smoke has volume. The smoke is thicker than popper. The taste in your mouth is better than you imagined. The smoke lifts you higher. He puffs. He puffs. He puffs and between his thighs you sniff the smoke he exhales. You snort the aroma.

You go down on him. Your eyes never leave his mouth. His cock is in your

mouth. You pull your lips out. To the head of the dick. It's your trick. You know it. He knows it. It's your signal. You want him to hit his cigar and hold its heat. Hot against the back of your neck. To keep your mouth buried root-deep on his dick. The back of your neck carries faint erotic marks of past cigar-sucks. You want his heat. You want his fire. You want his cum. You want the wet splash and the hot burn. You want the smell of cigar in his hair and moustache. You want the smell of his sweat. You worship his mouth. His prick.

You strip off your shirt. You drop your jeans. You hold your mouth open wide, coming up off his cock. Your wide wet oval of mouth goes down on his cigar butt smoking in his mouth. He puffs it heavy and hard. You wrap your mouth wide around the burning cigar. You inhale the smoke billowing from his mouth, curling up and out of his hard bitten teeth. Again in perfect balance. Sarge on the cigar's wet end. You on the hot. Cigar locked together like two men fucking. One up the ass of the other: the fucker orders the fucked not to move, not to dare even flex his ass if the cock buried hit deep will shoot despite the fucker's warning. Two men on one cigar. Smoke shared. His eyes roll back in his head. Close to your face. Down the end of hot cigar. You see all.

You feel him piss. Warm. Wet. All over your belly. You worship his face. His mouth. His cigar. His cock. His body. His energy heats you more than match to a rich dark Havana.

Your eyes beg him. Your empty mouth pulling back from his cigar-mouth begs him. Your hands frame a small area on your belly, above your cock.

He looks at the space like a firebomber over target.

You need him. For once finally you need him to do it. Your eyes say he must. Please. Your face shows your need. Please. Your hard cock shows your commitment. Please. His own meat hardens. More. With three last stoking puffs on the butt in his mouth. You need it. He wants it. Again a balance. Control between you both. Consent. Mutual under-

standing. You need what he can give. He likes what you can offer.

Sarge pulls his cigar stub from his mouth. Your hands milk his cock. Pull his meat. His hand lowers the glowing tip to your groin. Your eyes lock together. Your eyes beg him. Your cock moves fast in your one hand. His cock moves fast in your other. His thick arm, butt curled into the palm of his hand, moves down between your moving arms. The glowing tip is inches away from your belly. Three inches. Two. You can feel the heat from the tip moving warm toward your skin.

The energy locks totally between the two of you. Perfect partners. His eyes search your eyes one last time. Never has any man so totally offered what you so totally need.

A shadow falls heavy across his eyes. It says NOW.

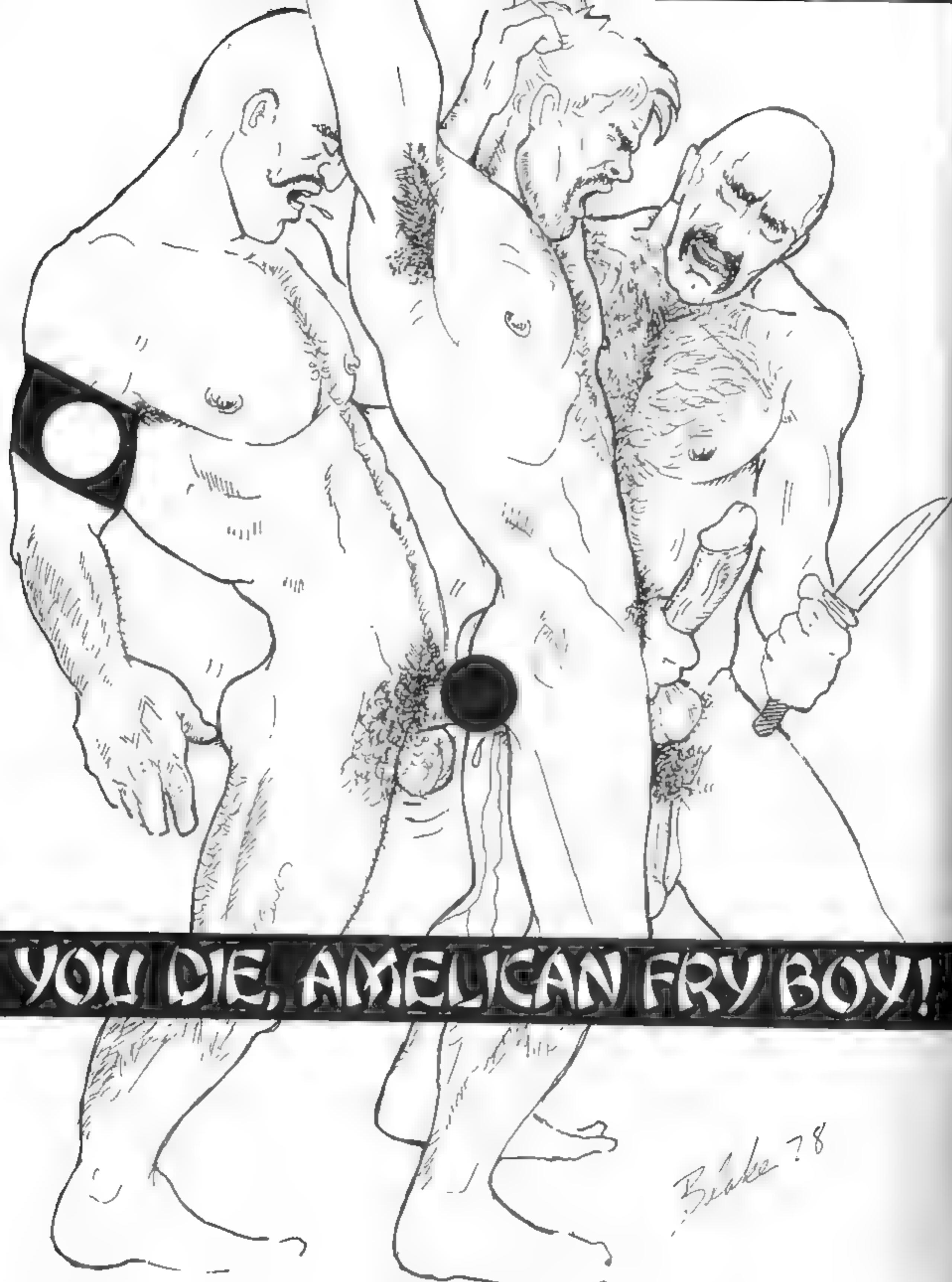
His fist with the burning cigar butt moves in for that last body-inch and holds. The pleasure. The pain. His heat pours into your belly. Contact: the briefest second. A tick of pain. Seared. You come. Now. You come. His face moves in to yours. An inch away. You rock. Jerk your cock. Worship him. Think of him. Together you separate. His hand moves away from your belly. Your belly moves away from his hand. He keeps his eyes locked into yours. Balance.

Sarge tucks his dick toward your groin. He licks his hand. He shoves his cigar back between his teeth. Locks it down. He pumps his hard greasy cock over your red-spotted belly. He pumps his dick hard. Until the smoke filling his mouth, his nose, his chest fills your mouth, your nose, your chest. Until in the blue haze around the pair of your faces, his cock comes wet and hotter than any cigar, shooting healing seed, salving juice over the loving brand that will a too soon fade to a light lover's mark. Made by him. Made by this man. Made by this toker. This taker. To carry hidden and secret for the rest of your life.

Somewhere out there, Sarge waits for you.

Because you know what Sarge has and Sarge knows what you need.

— Jack Fritscher



YOU DIE, AMERICAN FRY BOY!

Becker '78

During World War II, the practice of torturing prisoners of war prevailed wherever Japanese troops were in occupation. They indulged in the practice throughout the war, and there was so much uniformity in the methods used that there can be no doubt that it was the result of a definite policy adopted by the armed forces with the knowledge and approval of the Imperial Government. Army and Navy units all used the same methods, but the torturers *par excellence* were the dreaded Kempei Tai, the Japanese counterpart of the Nazi Gestapo.

The Kempei Tai, however, unlike the Gestapo, were the Army's Military Police administered by the War Ministry, and a Kempei Tai Training School, where many of these methods of Interrogation were learned and practiced, was maintained and operated in Japan by the same Ministry. The Kempei Tai had full powers of arrest and investigation, over both civilians and military, and in their particular brand of interrogation under torture were past masters. Like the German Gestapo, they had obtained plenty of experience before the war, for the Japanese Empire had been engaged in some kind of warfare since 1931 and the Kempei Tai had had plenty of time in which to perfect their technique.

The captured copy of a Japanese Army training manual also confirms other strong evidence that torture was officially approved as a necessary aid to interrogation in certain circumstances. This manual was entitled *Notes for the Interrogation of Prisoners of War*, and was issued by the Japanese Hayashi Division in Burma on August 6, 1943. The following are a few extracts from this illuminating treatise.

'The following are the methods normally to be adopted:

"(1) Torture: This includes kicking, beating and anything connected with physical suffering. This method is only to be used when everything else has failed as it is the most clumsy. Change the interrogating officer after using violent torture, and good results can be obtained if the new officer questions in a sympathetic manner.

(b). Threats.

"(1) Hints of future physical discomforts, for example, torture, murder, starvation, solitary confinement, deprivation of sleep.

"(2) Hints of future mental discomforts, for example, not to be allowed to send letters, not to be given the same treatment as the other prisoners of war, to be kept back to the last in the event of an exchange of prisoners."

Thousands of Allied prisoners of war experienced excruciating torture at the hands of the Kempei Tai. It is impossible to appreciate what these unfortunate and innocent victims of Japanese brutality suffered unless a brief description is given of the principal methods employed.

"*The Water Treatment*: This was almost invariably applied. The victim was bound, or otherwise secured, in a prone position and water was forced through his mouth and nostrils into his lungs until he lost consciousness. Pressure was then applied, sometimes by jumping on his abdomen, to force the water out. The usual practice was to revive the victim and repeat the process as required.

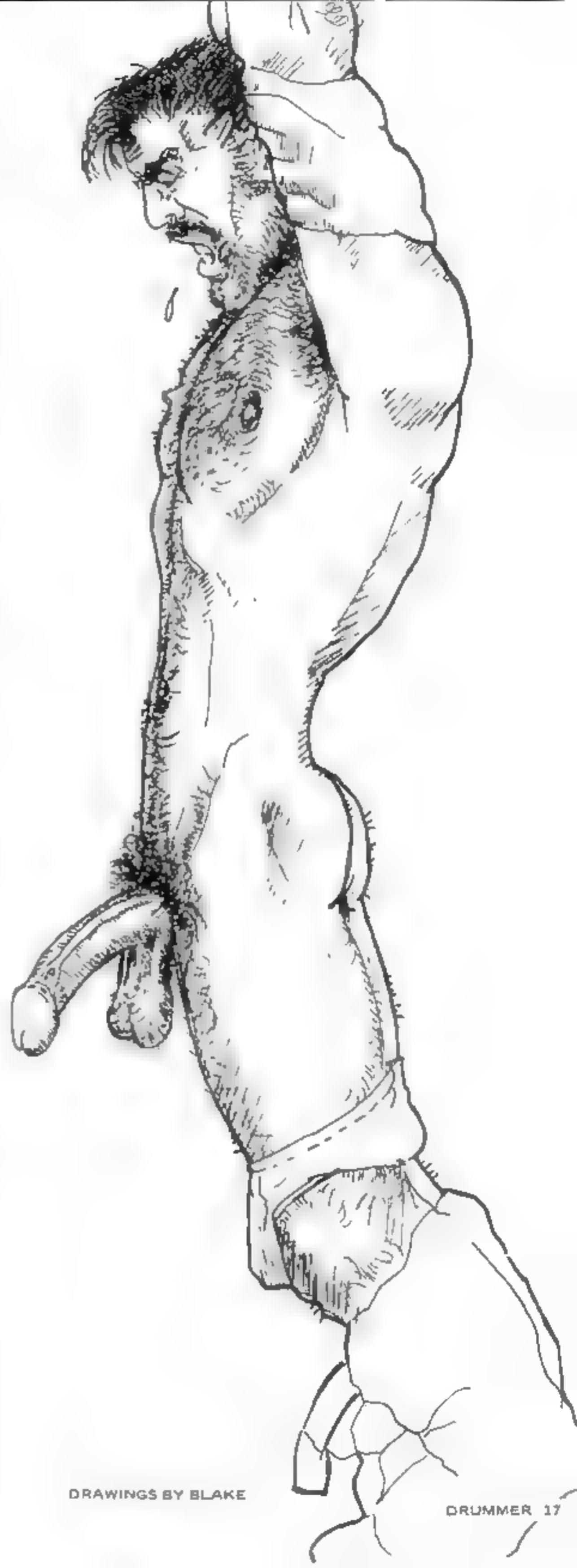
"*Burning*: Torture by burning was practised extensively. This was generally inflicted by burning the victim's body with lighted cigarettes or cigars, but in some cases lighted candles, hot irons, burning oil or scalding water. The application of heat was usually made to sensitive parts of the body, such as the nostrils, the eardrums, the navel, the sexual organs.

"*Electric Shock*: Electric current was applied generally to the most sensitive parts of the body, as in the burning torture.

"*The Knee Spread*: This was a very frequent method of torture. The victim, with his hands tied behind his back, was forced to kneel with a pole, sometimes as much as three inches in diameter, inserted behind both knee joints so as to spread them as pressure was applied to his thighs, sometimes by jumping on them. The result of this torture was to separate the knee joints and so cause intense pain.

"*Suspension*: Another very common form. The body of the victim was suspended by the wrists, arms, legs or neck, and at times in such a manner as to strangle him or pull the joints from their sockets. This method was sometimes combined with flogging during suspension.

"*Kneeling on Sharp Instruments*: A very painful form of torture. The edges of square blocks were mostly used as the sharp instruments. The victim was made to kneel on the sharp edges for hours at a time without relief. If he moved, he was



DRAWINGS BY BLAKE

flogged.

"*Removal of Nails.* The removal of finger nails and toe nails, usually pulled out with pliers, was not uncommon, and the well known Chinese torture of driving small bamboo chips under the nails was also frequently practiced.

"*Finger Bandaging:* The fingers were bandaged together with a stick placed between each one. Extra pressure could then be applied by tightening the bandage by means of a piece of cord. This was extremely painful, and if it did not fracture the fingers they remained bruised and swollen for several days.

In addition to these standard methods of torture used by the Kempei Tai in every theatre of war and in all the occupied territories, Allied prisoners of war and civilians suffered many other forms of inhumane treatment and cruelty, the most common of which was flogging, universally used in all internment camps, in all prisons, in the labor camps, on board the prison ships and at all Kempei Tai Headquarters. Special instruments were used in many of the camps, such as pieces of wood about the size of a baseball bat. Prisoners were sometimes forced to beat other prisoners, and they received internal injuries, broken bones and lacerations of the skin. Frequently they were beaten into unconsciousness, revived and then beaten again.

Among the Kempei Tai's torturers there were some individualists who invented variations of their own. One Malay Indian, who was a magistrate at Kuala Trengganu, was accused by the Tempei Kai of being a spy. He was left tied up to the leg of a table all night, and in the morning was nearly kicked to death. Later he was buried up to his neck and submerged in drums of dirty water.

Mental torture was commonly employed. A striking example of this was given in evidence before the Tokyo Tribunal, when witnesses testified about the ill-treatment which the Doolittle airmen received from the Kempei Tai after their capture. Having been subjected to all the standard forms of torture, they were taken, one at a time, marched blindfolded for a considerable distance and then halted. The victim then heard voices and marching feet, the sound of squad halting and loading their rifles as a firing party would. A Japanese officer then approached the American pilot and said: "We are the Knights of Bushido, of the Order of the Rising Sun. We do not execute at sunset but at sunrise." The prisoner was then marched back to his cell and told that unless he talked before dawn he would be executed.

A major part of the ongoing "mental torture" was the way prisoners were forced to live, inadequately housed and fed, with only the meanest of sanitary facilities. After just a few months of captivity, one strapping American captain, weighing 177 pounds when captured on December 5, 1941, weighed he was down to 160 now, but that was keeping enough for the lice and the other seen and unseen bugs who never seemed to sleep. Each morning we were allowed out into the courtyard to wash. We took turns under a cold tap. It wasn't much of a wash because the guards hurried us. We were only allowed two minutes in all. The stench of our cells was inscribable.

"Part of the Jap torture," he continued, "was to string men up by their arms. Several times, on my way back to my cell from the courtyard I saw the water cure being given. The Japs never closed the doors of the offices where they did they questioning and often I'd stop and look. The guard with me never objected. He wanted to see the fun."

"To begin with, all prisoners were stripped naked before questioning. The Japs believed that this gave them a great psychological advantage. When a man refused to answer questions or if they weren't satisfied with his answers, they would place him on a desk top, face up. They would roll up a bath towel into the form of a cone and place it firmly around his mouth and nose. Meanwhile they'd be filling a five-gallon can with water. They would add kerosene and urine to the water.

"Then they would pour this through the opening at the top of the cone and the victim had to either swallow the vile concoction or strangle. His belly would swell and then the guards would strike him sharply across the stomach with a light steel rod. Usually the man would lose consciousness. They had a sort of hoist and tackle in the rooms they used for giving the water cure. They would hoist the naked man up by his heels and allow the water to drain out of him. As soon as he recovered consciousness they would repeat the dose. Sometimes they would hit the victim too hard with the

steel rods and the stomach would burst.

"When they finally got around to questioning me, I felt sick. I was so fatigued from the water cure I had to strip off my prison clothes and walk into Kawai's office stark naked. To me this was rather like a dash per in face I might have crawled right out of the office, but I didn't feel like doing so, and the whole Jap idea was too degrading to even consider.

"You can't see me, you know, Lieutenant Kawai," I said, smiling. "To begin with, it won't do any good because I have told you the truth. And, in addition, I won't allow it."

"The guards made me kneel in front of the desk. That is the routine position you assume for questioning by the Kempei Tai. You kneel on a metal plate with your hands at your sides. If you lean more than a few inches forward you lose your balance and instinctively throw your hands out in front of you. This is what it takes for the guards to beat you. I had spent so many years on the decks of rolling ships that I keep getting the same way stuck to me, though my knees, of course, were screaming blue murder. Just kneel on your carpeted floor for five minutes with your hands at your sides and you'll see what I mean." This American Naval officer never did talk.

The stripping of prisoners, a basic Kempei Tai tactic, was virtually universal, and it is hard to avoid concluding that there were sexual connotations not too far beneath the surface. Victims required to totally expose themselves seem very often to have been the biggest and best built. Here, for example, is what happened to a young American soldier referred to only as "Jim" (to spare his family), described as "a kid from Yonkers, played football in high school, he was a big, handsome Polish youngster, well-built and husky."

Suspected of planning an escape, Jim was "dragged over to Jap headquarters. They took off all his clothes — they even took off his G-string — and stood him at attention, and 'Little Caesar' (nickname for commandant) began to practice judo tactics on him. He clouted Jim across the face with the heel of his hand, threw him to the ground, kicked him all over the body and in the groin, and stamped on his face with his hard-heeled black leather officer's boots. The beating that followed was the worst any of us ever had to take. Hash kept it up steadily for three hours.

"That three-hour beating was only the beginning. Jim was sentenced to twenty-one days in the guardhouse, a bare shed with three walls and wooden bars across the fourth side. I mean he was kept stark naked the whole time, he didn't even have a blanket. The guards would take turns giving him orders, and laugh. They made him stand an hour at attention, then kneel for an hour, then stand halfway erect. He had to stand at attention between his legs. He was made to empty the Jap latrines, but he was never allowed to empty his own bucket. He was beaten every day for three weeks. Afterward, he just dragged himself around and his flesh sagged from his bones. His strength was gone."

Craig Ford and Alister MacBain have written the story of three Americans' plains. Gene Dale and Bert Schwarz of the Air Corps and John Morrett of the Field Artillery, who were taken prisoner when Bataan fell. They made the "March of Death" and for two and a half years worked as slave labor in the infamous penal colonies, under Kempei Tai supervision, of Davao and Lasang. They escaped when a Japanese prison ship carrying them north was torpedoed. Their story is told in the first person plural:

"We met at Davao. We happened to be assigned to the same work detail of American prisoners, planting rice; the three of us were side by side in line. We would bend over together and stick the rice seedlings into the black muck, take one step backward in unison, stoop and plant another row. The Jap guards walked the dikes above us, holding Enfield rifles with bayonets fixed. If we faltered, we would get a hobnailed boot in the ribs, or a rifle butt across a naked thigh.

"We always worked naked. The Japs took all our clothes away when we worked outside the prison compound. They were afraid we would escape into the jungle, and they even took our shoes away. Going barefoot had a curious effect on the men's morale. Any good American likes to walk with his head up, but when he is barefooted and walking on rough stones he has to look where he is going. He keeps his head lowered, as if he were cowed or ashamed. Maybe the Japs had that in mind.

"They worked us from dawn to dark. The mud was hip-

deep, and covered with blue slime, it stank like a carabao wallow. We would stand on the dike and touch our bare toes to the mud, like a kid testing the water, and the smell would almost make our stomachs turn over. But once we got covered with it, we didn't notice it any more. We rubbed it all over our face and under our arms and in our crotch, to keep off the red jungle ants and gnats that swarmed up our legs and bit us raw. There were colonels and majors of fifty or over, and kids barely eighteen. All of us had diarrhea or dysentery, and if we stopped to relieve ourselves, a guard would take his rifle by the barrel and swing the butt over his shoulder and bring it down hard across our naked backsides to keep us going.

That "Death March" has been documented time and again, as the prisoners wearily walked the endless miles to San Fernando. "As foot traffic piled up," one eyewitness reported, "brutality became more general. One guard told his prisoners that Americans were 'soft' and forced them to take their clothes off and stand naked in the blistering sun, at attention. On the last mile of the 55-mile trek to San Fernando, prisoners had to run the gauntlet between two lines of Japanese trucks. Soldiers in the trucks swung their rifle butts as the men staggered past."

The Kempei Tai training could be encountered at almost any given time or place. An infantry patrol ambushed in New Guinea was reduced to two sergeants and two privates before being brought into the intimidating presence of Colonel Ito Kazuko, Commander of the 14th Imperial Japanese Marines. The sergeant who lived to tell this tale described how "Lowe, McKenna and myself, the only other survivors — beside Sergeant McKenna — of our combat patrol, were trussed up in a kneeling position, our hands tied behind our backs, slip-knots around our throats and drawn taut about our ankles so that any attempt to escape would quickly strangle us. Encircling the small jungle clearing were hundreds of jeering Japanese soldiers while overhead the hellish New Guinea sun beat down fiercely, broiling our faces, sapping the strength from our bodies.

"Beside us, sitting cross-legged in a camp chair, his black cavalry boots shining, an ornamental *samurai* sword resting across his knees, Col. Kazuko viewed the proceedings with grunts of approval. When all of us except McKenna were trussed up in a kneeling position before Kazuko, we knew he was chosen to die first. Calmly, resignedly, his hands still tied behind his back, Mac was led over to two palm trees spanned by a bamboo cross-bar about seven feet off the ground. As he stood towering above the dwarfish Japanese who scampered about him, stripping off his clothes, I was choked up at the courage of this man.

"Without warning, he was knocked to the ground by a judo chop to the back of the neck, a rope looped around his ankles, thrown over the cross-bar, and his body was hoisted into the air feet first. Col. Kazuko picked the soldier who would have the honor of torturing McKenna to death, a stocky Imperial Marine who was being rewarded for extraordinary heroism in battle. Briskly, stoically, the Jap fixed his gleaming bayonet to the end of his rifle, simulated a few thrusts to warm up, then began slowly circling McKenna's naked dangling body, measuring him for the thrust of his wicked weapon.

"I watched McKenna's body, strung upside down like a carcass of beef, twist and writhe from the slashing torments of the Jap who met Mac's eyes now, trailing blood and guts was dragged in through the sticky New Guinea mud. 'Good show, eh Sarge?' Kazuko taunted as he leaned out of his chair and rapped me sharply across the back of the neck with his lacquered riding crop." Such scenes, it appears, were the rule rather than the exception. Kempei Tai had done its work well.

More classic techniques were the fate of the handsome aide, Lt. Brown, to Col. Olsen, when singled out for "special treatment" when suspected of operating an illegal radio. In his own words, the lieutenant recalls that after a Japanese ultimatum, "Col. Olsen turned to me. 'Brown,' he said very quietly, 'they have given you the choice of being shot or spending 39 hours on your knees and 10 days standing at attention. As father to son, I say this to you: Tell them to shoot you.'

"No," I said, shouting, "No! I'll kneel!"

As I was being led away to the guardhouse, I managed to hold my head high and my back ramrod-straight. Keeping a rigid grip on myself, I obeyed orders to strip and kneel

down, my toes out straight behind me, a long bamboo pole behind my knees. In a few minutes the first agonizing pains told me what was ahead . . .

"I believe I lived through those days only because I escaped into semidelirium soon after I knelt down. A Japanese "three-star" (non-com) stood nearby to kick me if I attempted any slight change in position. The physical scars I still have, but much of the mental image has been wiped out. I remember vaguely that whenever a mess kit of rice was sent to me the Japanese would dump out all but a spoonful and load that with salt to make it inedible. For the first four days I was given no water. After that they allowed me two or three swallows a day. And I remember something of the immeasurable agony of the 'water treatment' inflicted by the 'three-star,' who inserted a hose into my body and filled my abdomen until it nearly burst, then beat my inflated midsection with a heavy bamboo pole . . . I somehow got through both the 39 hours of kneeling and the 10 days at attention, where I held a bamboo pole 16 hours a day.

The Olsen-Brown relationship serves to point up one of the more invidious of the Kempei Tai techniques, the concept of "blood brothers." That was the Japanese name, but what it actually meant was "mass punishment." All prisoners were divided into groups of ten, and those ten were held responsible for one another. If one of them did anything wrong, all ten would be "strafed" — stripped and stood in line and slapped back and forth by the Nip guards. If one actually succeeded in escaping, the remaining nine were shot.

The Ford-MacBain report on the three captured captains reveals an interesting variation on this system. If one of the ten seemed to become ill, the Kempei Tai "would play doctor, pretend to feel the pulse of the malarial victim, and then strafe him and make him stand in the pouring rain for two hours with nothing on. Sometimes they would get tired of slapping us, and try something new. A detail of thirty of us working in the rice paddies failed to satisfy the guards one afternoon, and they lined us up in pairs and ordered us to strafe each other. The Japs walked up and down the lines of naked men, and if one of us didn't slap the man opposite hard enough, the guard would pull the offender out of the line and club him with a rifle butt.

"A lot of the Jap soldiers were out-and-out degenerates: they were constantly making passes at our enlisted men, pinching them and flicking them as they walked by. They liked to order frequent 'shakedown' inspections, and they would laugh and point at us and make obscene gestures. They would keep us standing there stripped and tell us dirty jokes in broken English. A few Japs in camp actually tried to look like girls, wearing bright-colored shirts and walking with a mincing step and puckering their lips when they spoke."

Hanging in, as is by now clear, was integral to Kempei Tai procedures, especially as applied to captives of high rank. It has been reported that "the higher an officer's rank, the harder and dirtier the work he was put to, such as cleaning out the latrines and washing the G-strings of the Japanese in the garrison. To avoid these onerous chores, escape tries were frequent, although 'attempting to escape' meant death — death preceded by 48 hours of torture. A man caught was stripped naked and tied hand and foot to a post just outside the fence. He was methodically beaten with clubs and rubber hose every two hours, the testicles being always included in the areas of the body beaten. He would be given no food or water. At the end of the 48 hours, all the prisoners in the camp were compelled to come out and witness the man digging his own grave and to see him shot. Then, all the men who lived in the barracks shared by the executed man were stripped and flogged."

This is but an extension of the "blood brother" concept, ruthlessly applied in the case of an attempted escape. There is the report of three American officers who were apprehended one night at a camp in the Philippines for attempting an escape: "The Japanese waited until morning and then stripped the Americans of all their clothing. The three men were then marched out into the Cabantuan road to a point which was in full view of the camp. Their hands were tied behind them, and they were pulled up by ropes to an overhead purchase so that they had to remain standing, but bent forward to ease the pressure on their arms.

Then began forty-eight hours of intermittent torture. The Japanese periodically beat the men with a heavy board. Any Filipino unlucky enough to pass along the road was forced to

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USMC:

STRIP-SHAVING THE RAW RECRUIT



By Jack Fritscher

A RECRUIT'S FIRST "HOUR" in the Marine Corps takes only 56 minutes. But to the recruit it seems a lifetime!

Arriving any time of the day or night at the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Depot (or the counterpart at Parris Island, South Carolina) the would-be Marine instantly knows that he's here for a purpose.

He's ordered to "FALL-IN" on the painted footprints outside the receiving barracks. He listens to the no-nonsense receiving non-commissioned officer (NCO): "You're now standing in front of receiving barracks. Hundreds of thousands of young men have entered here, gone through recruit training, and come out Marines. You can, too!"

"While here you will be treated like men, in return, we expect instant obedience to all orders and regulations. When a Marine fails to carry out orders, he is punished. You will be punished if you fail to carry out orders."

The recruit is reminded that he volunteered, that he took an oath "to serve honestly and faithfully." He then learns the basic position of attention and the fundamentals of the Uniform Code of Military Justice are explained to him. He learns the three most important responses he'll make during his eight weeks of recruit training: "SIR," "YES SIR," and "NO SIR."

This "welcoming" and orientation "talk" lasts precisely five minutes.

He is then double-timed into the barber shop for his "free" haircut.

Here, sullenness or aggressiveness disappear as quickly as his hair. In three minutes flat. "And when you feel the air hose on your head, you'd better be moving out of that chair and there better be another recruit in that chair. Do you understand?"

"YES, SIR!"

Shaven head shining, the recruit is then issued the essential health and hygiene gear that he'll use until he's allowed to go to the post exchange to buy toilet articles. All issued items except clothing are deducted from his first monthly paycheck of \$90.60. It takes just eight minutes for the recruit to get this gear and inventory it.

During the next five minutes, the recruit loses any remaining vestiges of civilian life. He's stripped of civilian clothing, relieved of unauthorized personal effects, rushed through a shower.

Uniform issue and inventory takes all of five minutes. From the skin out, the

recruit then dresses in Marine clothing. This takes him just 10 more minutes.

The final 20 minutes consist of an indoctrination lecture and the completion of essential paperwork.

To laymen and recruit, it's amazing. A young man who only a day before took half an hour just combing his hair had been completely "cleared in" in 56 minutes. More important, the recruit had learned a Marine Corps lesson in "doing things quickly."

Before actual training begins, the recruit will get a complete dental and physical check-up and have a chance to send his "civies" and other unauthorized personal gear home.

The new recruit is assigned to a recruit platoon of approximately 80 men. Four platoons constitute a "series," and there are three or four series in a company. A recruit battalion consists of three or four companies and there are three battalions in the San Diego Recruit Training Regiment (RTR) as there are at the Parris Island, South Carolina, Recruit Training Depot.

Intensive physical training and instant obedience are the keynotes of recruit training. But the brain isn't ignored either. Each recruit is given a wallet-sized "Marine Notebook" crammed with facts and lore covering nearly every facet of life in the Marine corps. General conduct, regulations, history and traditions, military courtesy, close-order drill, the M-14 rifle, the proper cutting of toenails—these are some of the subjects. It is not rare to see a recruit studying his "notebook" while standing, waiting in line. Formal classes in military history, customs, and traditions are also on the recruits' schedules.

The eight weeks in RTR are divided into three basic elements.

Initial training at the Depot culminates in the fourth week with a stint of "mess and maintenance" duty (or KP).

The second phase fills the fifth and sixth weeks and consists of thorough training in marksmanship and weapon familiarization at the Edson range at nearby Camp Pendleton. At Pendleton, the recruit becomes intimately familiar with the M-14 rifle. He also learns his second most important lesson: a Marine

is first and last, a rifleman.

After the rifle range, the recruit begins his final phase—a return to "advanced" training back at the San Diego Depot, with the hope of graduating upon completing these last two frantic weeks.

To graduate more recruits, and conversely, to reduce training rejects, the San Diego Recruit Depot operates a Special Training Branch (STB). STB tries to salvage those recruits who for physical or mental reasons are "marginal Marines" and can't keep pace. Rather than discharge them under less than honorable circumstances, they are assigned to one of five platoons which emphasizes girding up of the recruit's particular shortcoming.

"Mother's boys" who can't make the transition from civilian life are assigned to the Motivational platoon. "Softies" go into the Physical Conditioning platoon. Minor offenders against rules and regulations become members of the Correctional Custody platoon. Those who show hostility to the military environment are sent to the Evaluation platoon. And recruits who have become sick or have been injured and therefore can't keep up, are assigned to the Casual platoon to await reassignment when they recover. All five platoons in the STB stress "military identity" to help the recruit make rapid, individual progress so that he may return to the regular training platoon.

In perhaps the understatement of the age, the Marine Notebook advises the aspiring recruit: "The treatment you will receive here will be different from that which you have been used to."

Marine recruit training has the reputation of being the toughest "basic" training of all our military services. It is a reputation sustained in part by the fact that Marine Corps recruits are overwhelmingly volunteers and not "draftees," and by continued emphasis on physical fitness.

In addition to the familiar "conditioning" course (known in other places as a "confidence" course or "obstacle" course), the recruits also muscle through an endurance course, drill with legs, run the combat readiness testing in full field gear with weapons. They take physical drill under arms, pass the Commandant of the Marine Corps (CMC) Physical Readiness Test, and daily sweat through a relatively new type of Marine



physical exercise called the Circuit Training Course — a bodybuilder that combines isometric exercises and weight lifting. All of these are in addition to the routine muscle-toning, physical fitness training and testing, the hand-to-hand combat training, the bayonet drill, and the flailing away at each other with "pugil sticks."

Another big reason for the Marine reputation of ironclad recruit training is the fabled Drill Instructor (DI).

To the recruits, his DI is the most important man in the world. It is through his DI that a recruit begins the transformation from cavalier civilian to controlled Marine.

Recognizing the powerful influence of the DI, the Marine Corps selects NCO's for his assignment with infinite care. Among the criteria for this job are exceptional leadership ability and outstanding military experience.

There are two schools for Drill Instructors: one at Parris Island, South

Carolina, and the other at San Diego, California. The curriculum for DI's runs eight weeks, including two weeks devoted to the Marksmanship Instructors Course — for those who finish. But because of the exacting physical and mental demands laid on a DI for this unique leadership responsibility, nearly 12% are "reassigned" during the school and do not graduate.

If the raw recruit knew what was going on at the DI school, he'd probably feel that his lot wasn't so tough, after all. The NCO who trains to be a DI works harder and longer than the brand new Marine aspirant. The DI gets up earlier, and works later. His physical training is more rugged, more sustained. His expertise at close order drill must be more precisely demonstrated and his physical bearing and wearing of the uniform must be flawless.

The Marine Drill Instructor has a manifold responsibility. He must lead

the young recruits by demonstrating mental, moral and physical strength. He must be patient and understanding. He must be firm, fair, and impartial, must demonstrate that rare ability to speak forcefully without profanity despite long and countless repetitions of command. ("Your OTHER left, clown," does more to encourage a recruit to think during drill than does swearing at him.)

The relationship that the Corps tries to encourage between the DI and the recruit is that of demanding teacher and hard working scholar — of stern father and willing son. It's a tough assignment — but making Marines allows no room for irresolution.

And when he has finished his eight weeks basic, the recruit knows that because of it all, he is a better man. He's quicker, harder, stands straighter. He is no longer a recruit — he's a Marine. A new Marine, an inexperienced Marine, to be sure — but a Marine.



BY G. B. MISA

CHAPTER 9

Killer McKenna was motionless except for the monster between his legs. Licking my lips, I watched it go soft. A dribble of cum formed on his dickhead and I wanted desperately to lick it off. I couldn't tear my eyes away from his ten inches of manhood. A moment later the angry red knob disappeared into his foreskin and the dribble fell to the carpet.

Of all the men I've met in my twenty-one years on the planet Earth I've never met a stud to compare to Killer McKenna. He was my fantasy come true. Now he moved toward me, his fat dick bouncing against his hairy leg. "I gotta say . . . you've been a good boy and I've got a present for you!"

My heart jumped into my throat. Was Killer going to let me suck his dick, I wondered. "Ah . . . thank you . . . ah . . . sir!"

He whirled around, pointing to Victoria. She was lying

naked on the exercise bench with a large glob of Killer's sperm dribbling out of her cunt. And what was Victoria doing? Chewing her inevitable piece of gum and reading *The National Enquirer*. "Go on," Killer spoke softly.

"Go on what, sir?" I asked, hungrily eyeing his uncut prick. I was practically drooling.

"What's with you?" He shook his head. "You never look in my eyes. You're always staring at my fuck n' dick!"

"I'm sorry, boss!" I mumbled as I looked into his blue-green eyes. "I . . . ah . . ."

"Georgie, would you like to suck out my gism from Victoria's pussy?"

"Oh, could I, sir?"

"It's all yours, Georgie Porgie!" He pulled at his dick and strutted over to the exercise bench, his hands on his hips. "Can that cunt out good!"

I've never eaten cunt before but all I could think of was Killer's gism in her hot pussy. It was the greatest. Victoria wrapped her legs around my head as I eagerly licked her burning hot orifice. I gulped down Killer's cum along with her pussy juice. I moaned as I shot my third load into my sopping wet blue jeans. Then I looked up. She was still chewing gum and reading about some sex murder. Then she pulled in her clothes, grabbed her purse and left for Woolworth's. Now the four of us slaves were alone with the Killer.

Killer turned to Rip. "Get Fido some sweat pants," he ordered. The seven foot giant was still wearing his leather jock strap with the zipper down the front. "Shit, every time I turn around I get me a new slave. This one is going to have to work his butt off just to pay for his food!"

Yeah, my worst fears were confirmed on the spot. Killer had added the seventh slave to his stable of slaves I knew if Killer kept adding new slaves to his stable he wouldn't even remember my name. And after all I'd done for him.

I guess I didn't have to worry because Killer whirled around, a tape measure in his hand. "Your bicep, asshole!"

I quickly tensed my bicep so he measured it. He shook his head in disgust. "A lousy eighteen inches!"

"But, sir, I..."

"I don't want to hear any fucking 'buts,' you cocksucker!" He yelled.

I ran... I ran...

And I don't want you thinking I want you working out All day long. Christ!" He scratched his balls in frustration. "Your bicep was a goddamned eighteen inches last week!"

"It was only seventeen inches last week, sir, and..."

I never finished the sentence. The son of a bitch cold cocked me and the next second my head bounced off the plush carpet. For about five seconds I felt like I had two heads. "I... ah... bin workin' out hard... ah... ah"

"Hard what, creep?"

"Ah... ah..." Then I remembered. "Sir. Sir! Sir!"

He smashed his fist into the palm of his hand. "Shit! You ain't never gonna win that Mr. Bay Area Contest. You're a fuckin' joke. A joke! You hear me, asshole?"

"I'm going to win first place, sir!"

He laughed sick merrily. "You seen any of the body builders entered this year? They make you look like a ninety-eight pound weakling. If they saw you on the beach, they'd kick sand in your face!"

"I'm going to win first place, sir!"

"What a laugh." He moved toward the lobby. "Thunder Cole is comin' over for a workout. He's got himself 21 inch arms and he's the favorite to win the Mr. Bay Area Contest."

"His arms are only twenty inches." The words just popped out of my mouth. For a second I thought he was going to punch me out again but he didn't. A moment later he was gone.

For the next six hours I worked out like a demon, concentrating on my triceps, biceps, and my latissimus dorsi. When I finally sagged onto an exercise bench I felt like a basket case. After my drinking a quart of orange juice to regain some energy, Rip Powell measured my bicep. "Eighteen and one-eighth inches," he announced.

A feeling of ennui engulfed my body. For the first time I had my doubts. How in hell was I going to win the Mr. Bay Area Contest? Was Killer right? Was I kidding myself. I desperately wanted a cigarette.

Suddenly the gym was quiet, almost motionless. All the weightlifters were staring hard at the young man who had entered with his tote bag. He was only six feet tall but he had a spectacular build that had champion written all over it. His magnificently muscled chest tapered down to an incredibly tiny waist. He smiled at all the attention and his teeth were perfect, extra white against his tanned face. I recognized Thunder Cole, the odds on favorite to win the Mr. Bay Area Contest. After a moment he moved toward the locker room with the grace of a panther. I could see that the son of a bitch had everything to win. He had the main ingredient: supreme confidence that he was the best looking stud in town.

My heart sank when I saw him in his gym shorts. I was hoping that his legs would be skinny but they were in perfect proportion to the rest of his body. The son of a bitch looked perfect! Even his light brown hair had a deep gloss to it. Yeah, the kind of a guy where the sun followed him, even on a rainy day! It seemed like there was only one solution.

Kill the bastard!

It was about two hours later. I'd finished vacuuming the floor and I was sick and tired of walking. Thunder Cole work out and then stare at his gorgeous body in the mirror. Christ, he examined every part of his body except his asshole! I shoved my hand into my sweat pants to scratch my sweaty balls. I was looking away from Thunder, into the mirror, and I saw his eyes flick at my crotch. I whirled around, staring at him hard. Quickly his eyes darted to the lat machine, back at me and then away again. In that moment his supreme confidence seemed to desert him. It was almost as if the sun was not shining on him anymore. I wondered. Was the beautiful son of a bitch hot for my dick? I knew I had to find out. I pulled my sweat pants off the next hour I stood off, practicing my posing routine in the mirror, showing off my abdominal muscles and continually grabbing at my crotch.

It was ten minutes before closing time when Thunder Cole finally finished his workout and headed for the locker. The gym was deserted. I ordered Rip to lock the front doors. I had to find out about Thunder. Just maybe. Just maybe...

I found him in the steam room. I sat directly across from him. My eyes were down. The hot steam let a great on my dick and balls and I got a half hardon. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was sneaking a look every once in awhile.

Deliberately I grabbed my halfhard dick and I looked down at it. I gave it a slow jerk, pressing hard against the head. "You mother fucker!" I said. "You're actin' up on me, aint'cha, just beca... you aint had no hot pussy since yesterday!"

He cleared his throat nervously. "Ah, are you talkin' to me?"

I'm talkin' to this horny motherfucker between my legs. It's got a mine of its own."

"Oh, I see." He gulped.

I stared at Thunder hard, then my eyes went back to my dick. It was gettin' real hard. "Always lookin' for a hole to show it in. Any fuckin' hole. In fact," I said, talking to my dick, "you don't give a shit if it's a hole or not. Remember that night I took a hot piece of liver and you fucked it? Wasn't too bad. Better'n nothin'!"

Thunder's mouth was open. I could tell right off that he was a dummy. "Shit, the son of a bitch ain't gonna show up!"

He bit. "Who?"

"Some cocksucker. Don't know his name. He's bin wantin' to suck junior here for a long time and I'm finally in the mood for a good blow job."

Thunder Cole gulped and nervously shifted position, his mammoth muscles rippling. He was so good looking it took my breath away. He was a combination of Robert Redford and Clark Gable but with the body of a Steve Reeves. His grey-green eyes were staring at the ceiling of the steam room but slowly they lowered until they were focused on my hard prick. I caught him staring at me so he pulled his eyes away and bit down on his lip. His towel was draped over his massive legs but when he shifted position I could see he had a hard on. A clear ooze was dripping from the head.

That was enough of a signal. Arrogantly I stood up, the excitement grabbin' at my guts. Just the thought of slamming my dick into his pretty Robert Redford mouth turned my body into a searing flame of desire. Now I towered over him, my legs spread wide, my prick in my hand. "Chow down!"

For a second I thought he was going to run out of the steam room this tonite. He stoned his pink lips nervously.

I an... what if somebody comes ah... ah?"

My lips started into a sneer. They'll get in line for a blow job!"

"I'm not... I never done nothin' ah... before... I..." And yet his eyes were glued to my stiff dick.

"Shut up and suck!" Brutally I grabbed his ears and slammed my burning hot prick down his throat. He gagged and tried to pull away but it made me hotter than a pistol. I wrapped my forearms around his head and fucked his face with all my might. It was heaven! The ecstasy started in my toes... a moment later it puckered my asshole... boom... boom... boom... I slammed it home hard, holding his head against my crotch hair and wow! My load jerked out of my swollen dick and slammed deep into his throat. I thought he was going to throw up all over the tile of the steam room.

There was a rush of cold air and Rip Powell, the golden boy of baseball, stood in the doorway, still with one golden ball

hanging out of his blue bikini. "God damn shit! I didn't know Thunder Cole was a cocksucker!"

"Not bad. Think I'll call him Fuckface. That's not bad Fuckface Cole. How in hell could anyone with a name like that win the Mr. Bay Area Contest?"

Rip grabbed at his blue bikini and a moment later his golden dick was waving in the steam. Thunder was still on his knees, his hands to his face. Suddenly he spit out the hot load I'd deposited in his mouth. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. "What the fuck you doin'?" I screamed. I grabbed his hair, slamming his face into the tile.

"Who the fuck told you that you could spit out my load?" I yelled. "I don't like being rejected like that! Lick it up! Right now!"

I rubbed his handsome face hard against the warm tile. He was stubborn at first but finally his tongue began to lick at my still hot gism. "Eat that fuckin' cum!"

"Wowie! What an ass! It won't quit!" Rip Powell gave Thunder's butt a hard whack and then his index finger disappeared into the pink hole. "Tighter'n that chicken I fucked back on the farm," he moaned. "I'll bet he's a fuckin' virgin!" He pressed the dripping go den head of his dick into Thunder's vulnerable asshole. Thunder was so busy licking up my spunk that before he knew it Rip's fat dick was in his ass.

"What the fuck are . . .?"

Rip slammed his rod all the way up to the hilt. It was definitely a home run. Just the sight of Rip up Thunder's beautiful muscular ass made me horny as hell. It was also the sight of Thunder's tortured face. I grabbed his ears and jammed my dick down his hot throat for the second time. This time out Thunder didn't gag.

I closed my eyes and relaxed, already for a nice slow blow job. When I felt my climax coming I'd pull out and push Thunder's head down to my balls and asshole. He got damned good with his tongue. My mind whirled. Maybe it was the combination of the sensuous steam and Thunder's voluptuous mouth. I dunno. Maybe it was watching R p's go den dick slide in and out of Thunder's gorgeous butt. My mind whirred backward. Through the hot steam of the past. A hot summer on a twenty acre ranch near Gilroy, California. Dad had a job selling insurance so he put me on this ranch for the summer. It was run by Joe Amfield, who made me go to Mass every Sunday. I hated him for that. I was, let's see, not very old, and already smoking.

Then there was Manuel. I never did find out his last name but he was Portugese with thick black hair and brooding hazel eyes. His skin was almost black from the sun. He'd come to the ranch to break in a beautiful brown and white Palamino. Manuel was in superb physical condition and I helped him built a corral for the Palamino.

It was impossible to get to know Manuel. He was a silent man, a lonely man. He slept on a bedroll in the barn and I'd watch fascinated as he would roll a Bull Durham cigarette with one big, calloused hand. His tight blue jeans were filthy with horseshit and I could tell he didn't wear any shorts as I could see his big cock through the worn material.

It was late Ju y and burning hot and muggy in the bunk house. I slipped out the back door, carefully closing the screen door. Stepping over the cow shit I went behind the barn. I had a stash of cigarettes under a brick. It was a dark night. The moon was hidden by sullen thick clouds. I'd just lit a cigarette when I heard the sound of crunching leaves. I quickly hid my cigarette.

"I smoke tailor mades onct in awhile." The voice was deep and mellow, almost like a river in the darkness. The shadow moved closer. It was Manuel. He was naked except for a dirty towel wrapped around his waist. He sat down next to me and I offered him a cigarette. His shoulder brushed mine and I felt the wet hardness of the man. Evidently he'd been swimming in the creek that was lined with eucalyptus trees.

"Hot tonight, huh?" I mumbled.

He didn't answer, just sat there, smoking his cigarette. My eyes had adjusted to the darkness. I hadn't realized what a terrific body Manuel had even though he was as old as my father. I stared at the dirty towel around him. I wanted to reach over and grab his dick. He must've read my mind.

"Go ahead, kid!"

He pulled the towel away. His thick dick was pointing at the sky. The clouds scuttled away from the moon and I gulped at the sight of his fat prong and the heavy balls that

sagged between his legs. Clear liquid glistened on the big knob and a second later I had his dick in my mouth. He didn't move a muscle as he let me do all the work. I had a ball with Manuel as I licked his big balls and ate out his asshole. He moved only once, to reach for another cigarette. There was something about Manuel just sitting with his back to the barn, motionless, that turned me on. I began to suck his dick wildly and still no movement. Then I could feel the head of his dick swelling. He jerked his cock out of my mouth and I felt the warm sperm splash against my face. Then his calloused hand rubbed it into my face. Without a word he picked me up in his brawny arms and carried me into the barn and threw me into the hay. He grabbed me again, placing me across his lap and he began to slap my ass. At first it was gentle but he had powerful hands. It hurt so much I began to cry. He kept on, slapping my ass harder and harder and suddenly the pain was gone and I could feel the gism boiling in my loins. I was on the verge of shooting my load when he shoved two fingers up my bunghole and I screamed in pleasure as I shot all over the hay. He held me close for a moment, staring down at me with the touch of a smile on his face.

He pushed me off his lap. "Go to bed, kid!" He got up and moved to his bedroll. "Tomorrow night, same time!"

It went on and on like that through July, August, and the beginning of September. But after that first time Manuel never said a word. One night he used his belt on me and I guess he got carried away and when he'd finished there was blood on my ass. He spent an hour just kissing my butt. It felt great and I came two times.

It was time to leave the ranch. Dad quit his job as an insurance salesman and was going to pick me up on the following day. Again we were moving, this time to Los Galos where I'd enroll in the local high school. That final day at the ranch Manuel had broken the Palamino. He had visitors from Eureka. Three Portugese buddies. All of them were cowboys and they had the same athletic build as Manuel, a build that is stocky and muscular. Dark, sunburnt faces with shining white teeth and curly black hair. And one of them had a gold tooth in front.

I'd packed my bag and looked for Manuel. I wanted to say goodbye. Evidently he'd gone into town with his buddies. Somehow I felt deserted, alone. Even though Manuel hardly ever said a word just being around him gave me a good feeling. I went behind the barn and lit my last cigarette. The moon, three quarters full, lit the long distance to the corral. I could see a touch of a movement. The Palamino was restless. I wondered if he missed Manuel too, if he were lonely.

It seemed like the hot summer would never end. I was stripped to the waist. Suddenly I felt a slight stirring and then the abrasive feel of rope against my naked body. The rope tightened until it was digging into my flesh. I started to yell but then I saw the dark shadow moving toward me. Rough hands grabbed me and I was on the ground, helpless. Manuel stood over me, holding the other end of the rope. It was the first time I'd ever seen him smile. Dim shadows behind him. I figured it was his Portugese buddies.

They were lifting me up. I closed my eyes, fighting back the tears as the rope burned into my flesh. The acrid smell of cow shit. The dull thud of a slammed door. We were in the barn. Opening my eyes. A dim forty-watt naked light bulb barely touching the shadows. I felt the fear grab at my stomach as the four men stripped silently. What were they going to do to me? My eyes riveted on Manuel as he tiptoed to the corner of the barn where branding irons were stacked against the wall. His hand shot forward. I must've screamed because the next moment my head slammed back and Manuel's face was an inch away from mine. I could smell the garlic on his breath. His blazing eyes pierced into my soul. His lips moved and the spit shot out of his mouth, splattering against my face. I stopped hollering.

Manuel sat on a bale of hay, motioning to his naked buddies. Now they surrounded me. Then one of them stepped forward and the fire was gone from behind my eyes and I could see clearly for the first time. My terror disappeared into the stagnant air of the smelly barn. He was better looking than Manuel. At least ten years younger. Thick, black eyebrows and a lantern jaw that jutted forward arrogantly. His chest was matted with hair. His thick hair was jet black and kinky. With one hand he lifted me up and his buddy quickly grabbed two wooden horses and placed them a foot apart. The lantern-

jawed young Portuguese threw me over them. My nose was half an inch away from a huge blob of cow shit, a fresh pie. Now the young cowboy grabbed me by the hair. His smelly dick pressed against my cheek. Just as he found my mouth and slammed his slab of meat down my throat, I felt the hand pressing brutally at my tender asshole.

The cowboy fucking my face was like a jackrabbit. Five seconds, maybe less and he jetted his creamy load down my throat. He let go of my head and slam . . . bam . . . my face plopped smack into the middle of the cow shit. Then I screamed bloody murder as I felt the hand jamming deep into my tender asshole. "Cut it out, you motherfucker. Cut it . . . out!"

The sock was filthy and I almost choked as Manuel shoved it in my mouth. I almost threw up but I knew there was no place for the vomit to go. I began to cry. First one finger up my bunghole . . . two . . . three . . . why didn't the motherfucker at least use some spit or axle grease? FOUR FINGERS . . . my God . . . my head whirled crazily from the fire burning up my ass . . . then another world . . . a world of flame and reds and crazy oranges and then a multi-colored whirlpool and I was falling into infinity . . . deeper . . . deeper . . . forever . . . falling . . . falling . . .

Before I hit bottom, Manuel slapped me. I was staring into his face. He'd untied me from the wooden horse, but I could feel the pressure on my asshole. But the terrible pain was gone and my body was filled with a kind of bliss I'd never felt before. Glancing over my shoulder I couldn't believe my eyes. The lantern-jawed Portuguese cowboy had his arm up my ass, all the way to the elbow! Manuel held me tightly against his chest. Rough hair, almost like a Brillo pad. Manuel kissed me. Gently. Tenderly. His hand touched my dick. A moment later his lips pressed against the mushroom head of my dick. I screamed as I shot off a buckets of gism, most of it splattering against Manuel's face. With my cum dribbling down his face he pressed close, rubbing the wetness into my face. Then I felt a whoosh. I was sure my guts had fallen to the floor of the barn. A rush of cold air. The Portuguese cowboy had pulled his hand out of my tender ass. Then Manuel carried me into the bunkhouse and put me to bed, tucking me in. Without a word he turned on his heel and left, as silent as ever. I never saw him again. The next day Dad picked me up and the ranch became another memory.

Memories . . . memories . . . ah, the past . . . but this wasn't the past. It was now. In the steam room. The golden boy of baseball had Thunder Cole on the floor and was fucking him in the ass. Dog fashion. I could see the glazed look on Rip's face. He was about to shoot off. I kissed him, jamming my tongue down his throat just as his body began to jerk spasmodically. Thunder Cole had changed his tune. "Fuck my dirty ass, fuck it!" he was begging. "Jam it all the way in, all the way in!"

Then Rip pulled his dick out of Thunder, grabbed his bikini, and headed for the door.

"Hang around, Rip," I ordered.

Thunder tried to stand up, but I kicked him. Shoving his head down to the hot tile I used my left hand to probe his bunghole. "Was gonna use some grease but don't need any. Sloppy as hell!"

Thunder's voice lost its baritone. "Ah, wh . . . what are you gonna do?"

"Shut the fuck up!" I snarled.

Two, three, four fingers and then my thumb. A quick, hard shove and up to my knuckles. Thunder began to thrash around but Rip's arm shot out. A hammerlock on the leading contender for the Mr. Bay Area Contest. My arm was up his bunghole. To the wrist. To the elbow. It was almost too much. Here I was with my arm up the sexiest ass in the Bay Area. I couldn't help it. I shot my load all over the hot tile of the steam room.

"Shit, Georgie, why in hell did you waste it?" There was a hurt look on Rip Powell's face. Quickly he got down on his knees and slurped at the last gob of gism that dribbled from my dick.

Suddenly the swish of the door. Cold air and my master, Killer McKenna. In his inevitable sweatpants. "What the fuck!" he growled and I bounced off the tiled wall and fell in a heap on the floor of the steam room. Thunder Cole jumped to his feet, his face beet red, and was out of the steam room in a flash.

I'd never seen Killer so mad before. "Georgie, I ain't puttin' up with your shit no more. This is it! Pack your bags and get the fuck outa here! You're fired!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Anyway, how in hell can you fire a slave? You'd think he'd at least sell me or something. "But, sir, I . . . ah . . ."

"You heard me, asshole!" He roared. He stormed out of the steam room.

I was right behind him. I knew I had to speak up. "But, Boss, I was just developing the bicep of my left arm. You don't know. It's a quarter of an inch smaller than my right one!"

That stopped him. He whirled around. His eyes were devilish. "That's the lousiest excuse I ever heard!"

"It's the truth, sir!" I lied in my teeth.

"Georgie, I don't need you no more."

"What?" I was so flabbergasted I didn't even say 'sir.' "

Then I heard the most sadistic laugh I'd ever heard in my life. It sent chills coursing down my back.

"I got Thunder Cole!"

"Hugh?" My mouth fell open.

"You some kind of a retard, kid?" He was grinning from ear to ear. He looked like a happy kid who'd just won the football MVP award. Thunder Cole is gonna represent the Killer McKenna Gym in the Mr. Bay Area Contest!

It ricocheted against my head like a sledge hammer. Wow! The son of a bitchin' doublecrosser. Yeah, that was why Thunder was here today. Killer had been doing some extra curricular activity. Yeah, he'd probably cornholed Thunder and made him his slave for life. He'd gone out and recruited the Number One Asshole. The top contender for the title. And yet I still couldn't believe that Killer could do this to me. Didn't he have any loyalty?

My body was numb. "After . . . after all I've done for you, sir? I . . . ?"

"Ain't that what slaves are for, Georgie Porgie?" Killer bent double laughing.

"But you promised. You did!"

"Promised what, asshole?"

"That . . . that if I won the Mr. Bay Area title . . . you know what I'm talking about."

The son of a bitch couldn't stop laughing. I thought he was going to collapse to the floor. He grabbed his crotch with both hands. I tried desperately not to look but I couldn't help myself. My eyes riveted on his monster basket. The ten inches he was clutching in both hands. Dear God, would I ever be free of Killer McKenna and his ten inches of uncut dick?

"Killer always keeps his promises." His face was suddenly solemn, almost enigmatic as he moved toward me. Slowly he undid the strings of his sweatpants and let them fall to the floor. My heart almost stopped beating as I ate up his all-male body with my hungry eyes. His fat dick began to grow. I wanted to fall to my knees and worship the big monster, love it for all eternity. Now his deep voice was a bare whisper. "Win the title and you get a night with this!" He waved it at me.

"But . . . if you're not sponsoring me how can I enter?" I asked.

"I got you entered without an affiliation with the Killer McKenna Gym."

"You ashamed of me?" I was on the verge of tears.

"Look, kid, what can I say? Thunder Cole wants my dick up his ass as bad as you do."

"But, sir, the gym here . . . it's my only home. I . . ."

"I was just putting you on about that, Georgie!" Killer actually smiled at me. "I need you here."

"You do. Really?" I felt a rosy glow fill my body.

"Sure thing." He pulled up his sweatpants. "And may the best slave win the Mr. Bay Area Contest!" And he was gone.

I felt hot and sticky as I turned the shower on full blast. I soaped my body vigorously but after a moment my hand grabbed my dick. Despite myself I couldn't help but have the image of Killer in my head. Killer and me alone for a whole night. A wonderful fantastic night. The right night. The night after I'd been crowned Mr. Bay Area. I began to moan softly as I jerked at my dick crazily. Yeah, Killer McKenna had my legs up in the air and was jamming his huge ten inch monster up my bunghole. I shot all over the shower wall. Whew!

TO BE CONTINUED

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DUTY STATIONS

a love poem in symbols

Preface

The following stanzas are stations. It is your duty to read them. Listen to them good and hard. They are symbols, they are commands.

Nothing that follows must be analysed or complicated. You have no right to search for "mysterious" meanings in it. Something may be revealed to you, but you must not pretend you have found the meaning. Simply read what is written. Watch the symbols, follow what the verse tells you. The gift of this poem is the beauty of a huge cock - awesome, terrible, fantastic thing to hold.

A WARNING FROM OSCAR:

"All art is at once surface and symbol.
Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.
Those who read the symbol do so at their peril."

from Preface to *Dorian Gray*

I. BOOTCAMP

"The Marines are looking for a few good men."

U.S.M.C. recruiting slogan

I must've been eight or nine when
like a fated day in Bethlehem,
I went to the movies and saw
Marlon Brando in *Leather*.

(the old Yale theatre in my home town used to show those
classics before it was popular to do so. I saw "The Wild Ones" sometime in the late fifties on the screen.)

And James Dean.

"O Saving Victim open wide!"

A generation by Messiah Magic
dreamt of that black skin, that deadly skin,
that cornered animal engine,
that warm, thick grease.

II. FLIRTING

All things followed in religious procession after that:
What the jockstraps and the sneakers held,
The t-shirts and the jeans,
What powerful legs burst into sweating, heavy crotches
from roots of Hiking boots,
And sailors' easy, horny dreams,
All things tight and bulging,
the torment of veils,
the deadly afternoon kiss of tabernacles . . .
Cowboys screw their partners on the sunset, coffee-lit plains,
and sailors give handjobs to marines.

"Wait till you see the wang I got down my ole pants . . . all
There baby, look at it, all big an hot - go ahead, touch it!
Make it feel real good, I just like to feel good down there."

III. BUYING YOUR FIRST LIGHTER AT THE PX

Moose Wang
They called the dumb, hard muscled blond farmboy
Moose Wang
The way it hung there, sort of thrust out, then down,
when he sat in the sauna at the gym, was enough of a reason
to call him that.
Ritual is Innocence.
All young boys like clothes that show them off
that new chest,
that hot thing between their legs that at twelve or thirteen
starts causing their eyes to go blank with pleasure when alone
in their Holy rooms. The genius and purity of things revealed.

IV. CAUGHT WITH YOUR CRANK IN YOUR HAND

BY THE D.I.

"And it's you my love, you who are the Stranger

— Leonard Cohen

Oceans pound in and up through stone —

Slam! — the question

Slam! — the answer

Slam! — theardon

Slam! — the oblivion

Fists then, and heavy, hairy arms,

Tonight the sea turns and groans like a homey marine

in his rack,

I can see the white spew up, I hear the hard slam —

and the sigh.

All things have their turn heaving high like straining hips,

The sea, well greased, leather and sweating,

as any Prometheus chained to those California cliffs,

the balls are gently licked, savoring the smell of salt water,

or any San Diego sailor bound to chrome handlebars

His dream — the sea, his Master

greased and ocean-hard lover,

and deep within his hot young flesh, down there burns;

and slams the ocean arm,

I see the white spray after the thunder, burst

up between the rocks.

Dark old passions such as these,

Dark old passions such as these.

V. MAKING THEM CRAWL THROUGH THE MUD

"And I'm gonna shove that knife right down yo' throat" — Mick Jagger

This right here! Eat it all up baby, that's right, chew on it,
baby chew on that big ole root baby.

Open that ass up, baby,

real wide, motherfucker, amaze me motherfucker, amaze me,
right up to the elbow, Baby ah! Baby

Here, take a hit of this, baby

AND NOW:

As Palms strewn Sundays lead to betrayal,
and we learn to hate what we become,

I found myself at The Eagle.

"If you're man enough to take it."

Intensely excited over the crucifixion of Marlon Brando.
Marines handcuffed. Sailors tied. Jocks bound up.

My own insides pricked and burned
by toys I could never understand.

Tearing the veil only increases its number —
two veils instead of one.

Farther and deeper is what I think

I must've sought to become.

VI. NO LONGER A SLIME, PUTTING ON DRESS BLUES

"I am the gash and the blade!

I am the punch and the jaw!

I am the limbs and the rack,

the victim and the torturer!

I am my own heart's Vampire . . .

Underneath a werewolf druidic moon
on cliffs like Egyptian monuments.

and by the sea

(which is all pounding inside of me, pressurized)

I finally sank down into the sand beneath you.

Above me, (what is the secret thing of top and bottom?)

Your frame, tall and bone,

nothing on it but flesh and muscle, like a Ducret cocking,

(that is your mystery),

Your hand fed a ten inch dreamt of hunk of flesh

down my throat.

Baudelaire

Your balls, big and heavy, swinging low,
smacked against my jaw with no harm,
except in their intention.

Who wouldn't succumb to that sweet
delicate urine and cum and salt fermented
inside your secret jeans, your fatal thighs?
All smells combined and slight and teasing
darker, wooden root-like desires,
Your crank glistening as any chrome bar
with each successive layer of spit.

my mouth, in adoration, twisted and slickened
your cock in it.

And when you placed your hand firmly
against my jaw, and slipped your hard thumb

into the corner of my mouth,

the Snow Queen hit me!

I went dizzy, and fired off a gift

precious and awesome as jeweled Russian eyes,

landing and dripping against the small

of your long, high back . . .

"And he's climbing a stairway to heaven."

VII. DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Out of fire, hard steel blades rise
submission to stations is training for standing above.

And now, misunderstood, my words so complex that they
become mere nonsense, groans and grunts and roars.

Cruelty expected, and demanded, — the wild animal

is cornered

hot and heavy up against a wall, drunk and angry,
smashing a beer bottle against the brick, the fist-fucking arm

thrusts out a dagger of broken glass,

"Alright little mother fucker, my razpr ?pver

suck that tool baby, slobber all over that thigh, fucker
an' earn baby, earn the taste

the wilderness gave me,

Cause baby, this angry stud had to leave his chest

and break out of solid stone boulders

And I'm full of rivers now baby, full of waiting rivers.

THE FINAL AND UNNUMBERED STATION

"Naked I wait They love's uplifted stroke!

My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,

And smitten me to my knees;

I am defenseless utterly.

I slept, methinks, and woke,

And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.

In the rash lustihead of my young powers . . .

from "The Hound of Heaven"

by Francis Thompson, written 1890-1892

The Priest is vested at his altar.

Back in a neolithic nightfall, the hairy ape

wraps himself in a Bison skin

and leaps before the fire.

My fist, now-smashed against the cliff

you are caught in

And how you will long after that red stripe

down my leg.

When the rock is shattered, then

I will fall down on you in the dust, grains of sand

will mingle with the spit of my kiss,

your muscles will be vindicated, only to begin again.

But now my grunts and cries are golden

in their violence and frustration,

for you to see the kill I've made —

Great Bison or Brando crucified.

(As is whispered over and over again —

into long nights, — "The rest is silence")

And discipline, and drunken fits of power

And drunken fits of power . . .

William Sufleski

ASS-LICKIN'-GOOD
COMICS
PRESENTS

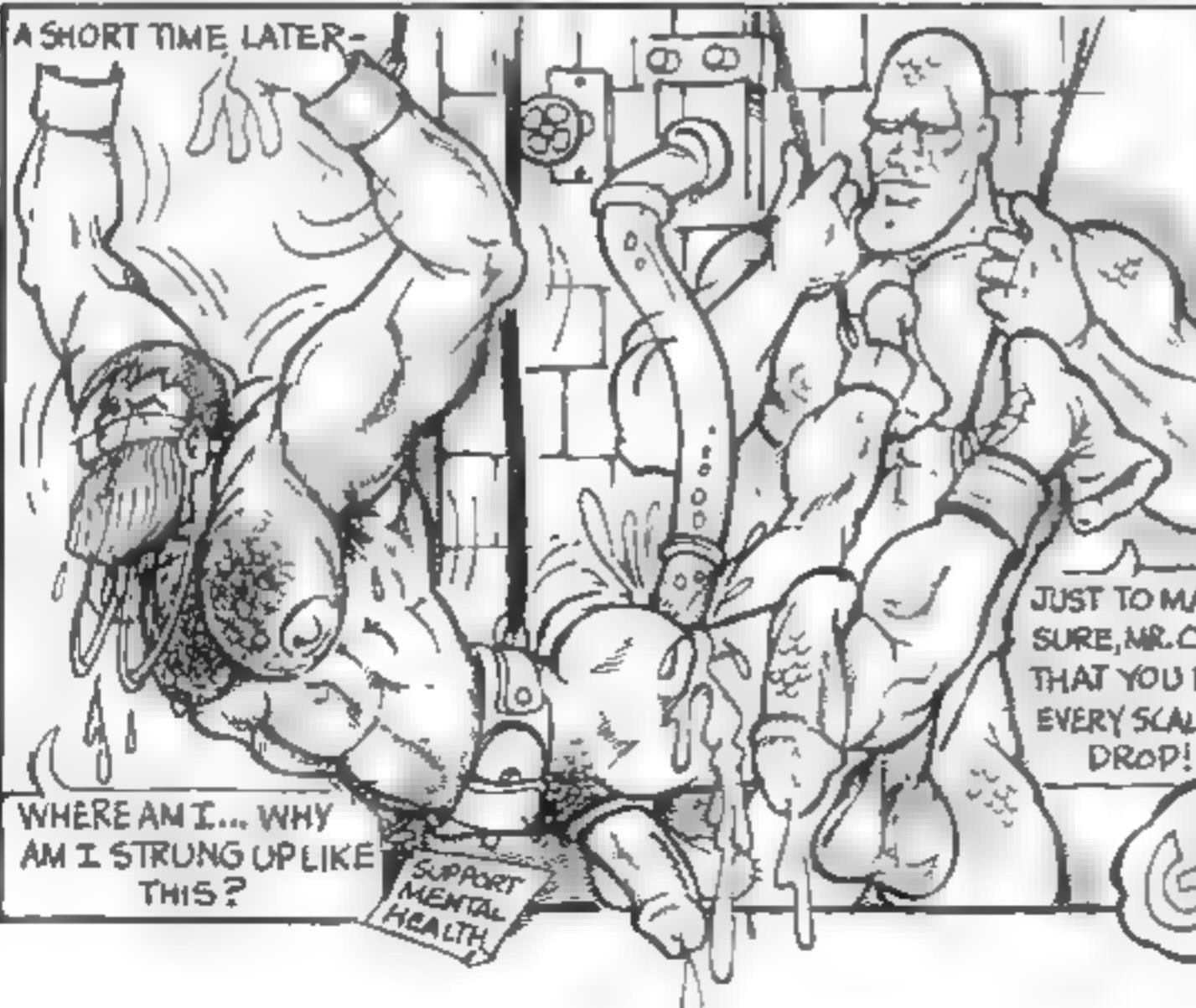
HARRY CHESS VS. THE PYTHON BY A.JAY

AT THE CLOSE OF OUR LAST CHILLING EPISODE, THE PYTHON HAD PLOWED HARRY CHESS AND HIS TWO BUDDIES...MICKEY MUSCLE AND RANDI AGNEW WITH A HEAVY TALE ABOUT HIS TATTOOS 'N HIS HAWAIIAN GYPSY CURSE. REALIZING HE'D TRIPPED OVER ONE TOO MANY LIES, THE PYTHON SUDDENLY SLAMMED OUT OF HIS TORTURE CHAMBER, LEAVING OUR TRIO LOCKED INSIDE—

THAT SLIMY PRICK
REALLY SUCKED US
WITH THAT WILD
BULLSHIT!

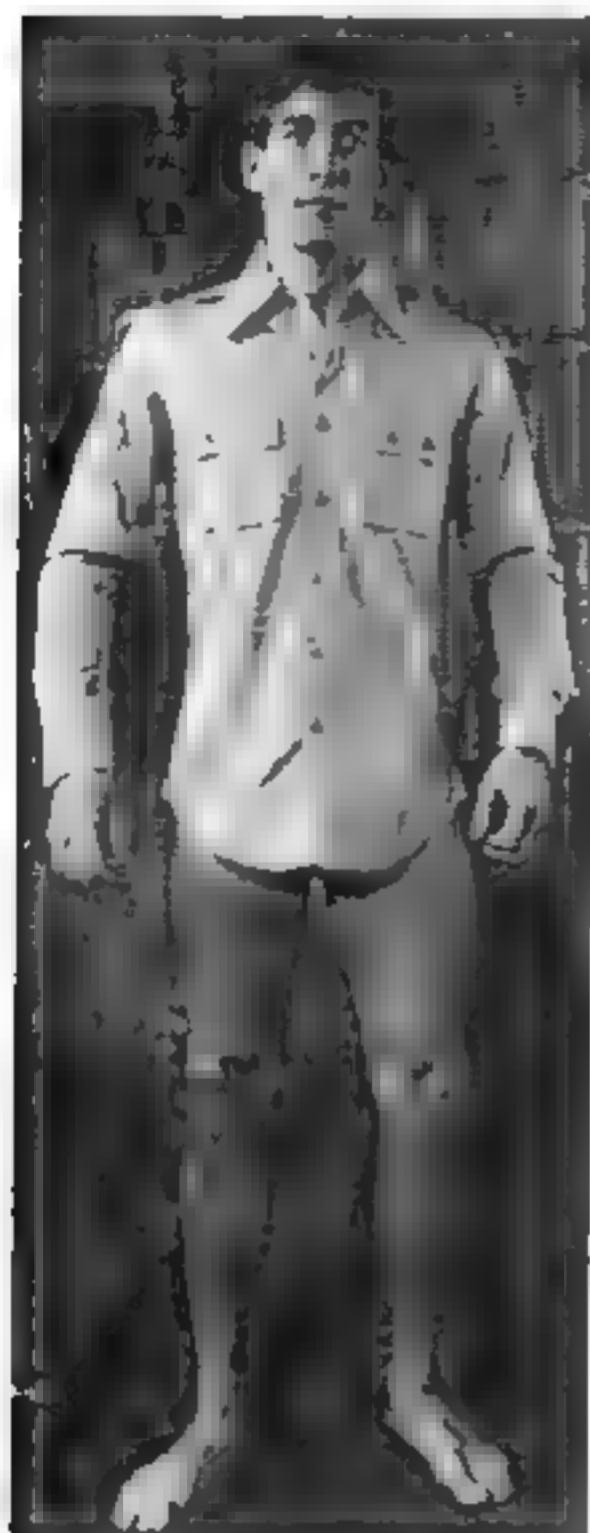
YEAH...HE'S NOT ONLY
OFF THE WALL—HE'S
OFF THE CRACKED
CEILING!

THAT FUCKING
CREEP HAS
LOCKED US IN!





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ASTROLOGIC

TAURUS S (April 20–May 20): Overcome your solid Taurus image. The next time you want to summon a Bottom, don't use a Western Union telegram.

TAURUS M: This summer you think you're as hot as an ABC-TV series. Just remember the next time you're laid back for a big dick or a small fist, you ain't really *The Big Valley*.

GEMINI S (May 21–June 20): Since you can whistle and wive Uverses at the same time, Gom, you can Top any Bottom you want. Take time this summer to be THE STAR YOU ARE.

GEMINI M: Wide and Handsome. Just because you have the sign of the Twins, you shouldn't eat for two. Cut your food by half and get laid twice as much.

CANCER S (June 21–July 21): If you've got to be a sexual success this summer, you better stop meeting guys whose idea of a good time is fucking on "Before" and coming on cue.

CANCER M: Why the fuck should you care what you'll be doing in your next incarnation? You have problems deciding what you'll wear to which bar for which trip next Saturday night.

LEO S (July 22–Aug. 21): This summer's selection should be a continuing source of high energy for you as long as you hangball with the proper strangers. Frequently. (And don't do it in Dale County, St. Paul, or the growing list of other unfriendly places.)

LEO M: May your jockstrap have Nikes. May you always have little Upmarks in your select. You are destined to endure a dump no handball player ever knew. You won't be worked hard until Labor Day.

VIRGO S (Aug. 22–Sept. 22): Stop mounting your Neutroflex machine sidescrits.

VIRGO M: Play the chambermaid. Your next affair will be very dirty and you'll come out grinning. Buy some Wash 'n' Dri wet towels. You'll need 'em.

LIBRA S (Sept. 23–Oct. 22): You've got to stop picking up chicks who ask you when it's ever if maybe, you know a priest they can talk to.

LIBRA M: You've got to stop picking up priests. It doesn't care if they ask you. The answer to "Alone or with others?" is always alone. Alone. Goodnight, ALONE!

SCORPIO S (Oct. 23–Nov. 21): If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some A-200 in your hair.

SCORPIO M: After the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat, and the heartbreak of圃is, you can bet your ass is in Scorpio and your moon is in Libra. Stay in bed. Pull the covers over your head.

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22–Dec. 21): You of all guys ought to be seriously fine target shooting. Join the gay arm of *The American Rifleman*.

SAGITTARIUS M: Remember the good old days when problems had solutions? Years still do. Call your clinic.

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22–Jan. 20): Some guys get it and make it pay. Some guys don't. You've got a Gentleman's choice to take what pretty poison you want and then play it as it lays.

CAPRICORN M: Bark out your snore from your bikerthong, you rinkin' up bony Old Geez.

AQUARIUS S (Jan. 21–Feb. 20): Be beer water this summer to those who thirst. Hunt beer commercial jingles as you pass at rest stops, bars, and restaurants. When it's right, you'll know it.

AQUARIUS M: Eat Chinese food. Repeatedly. Your changing fortune requires all the cookies you can get, crackle. It may take courage, but it can be exciting.

PISCES S (Feb. 21–Mar. 20): Currently, your life is like clockwork: wakes every hour. Get control of your sick ass life. Take some of your extra energy and put it into some work.

PISCES M: Max out on what you can get from your Tops. For you this is gonna be a long, hot dry summer. Not nearly enough watersports for you, Pisces.

ARIES S (Mar. 21–April 19): Your sex life is good. B-15 could make it better. Buy some for your Bottom. B-15 is good for sensitivity, alcoholism, gengrene, and raising the dead.

ARIES M: Next time you want to impress that hot number at your favorite bar, rush to pop a nice nictin. You'll look vibrant. Alive. Flushed.

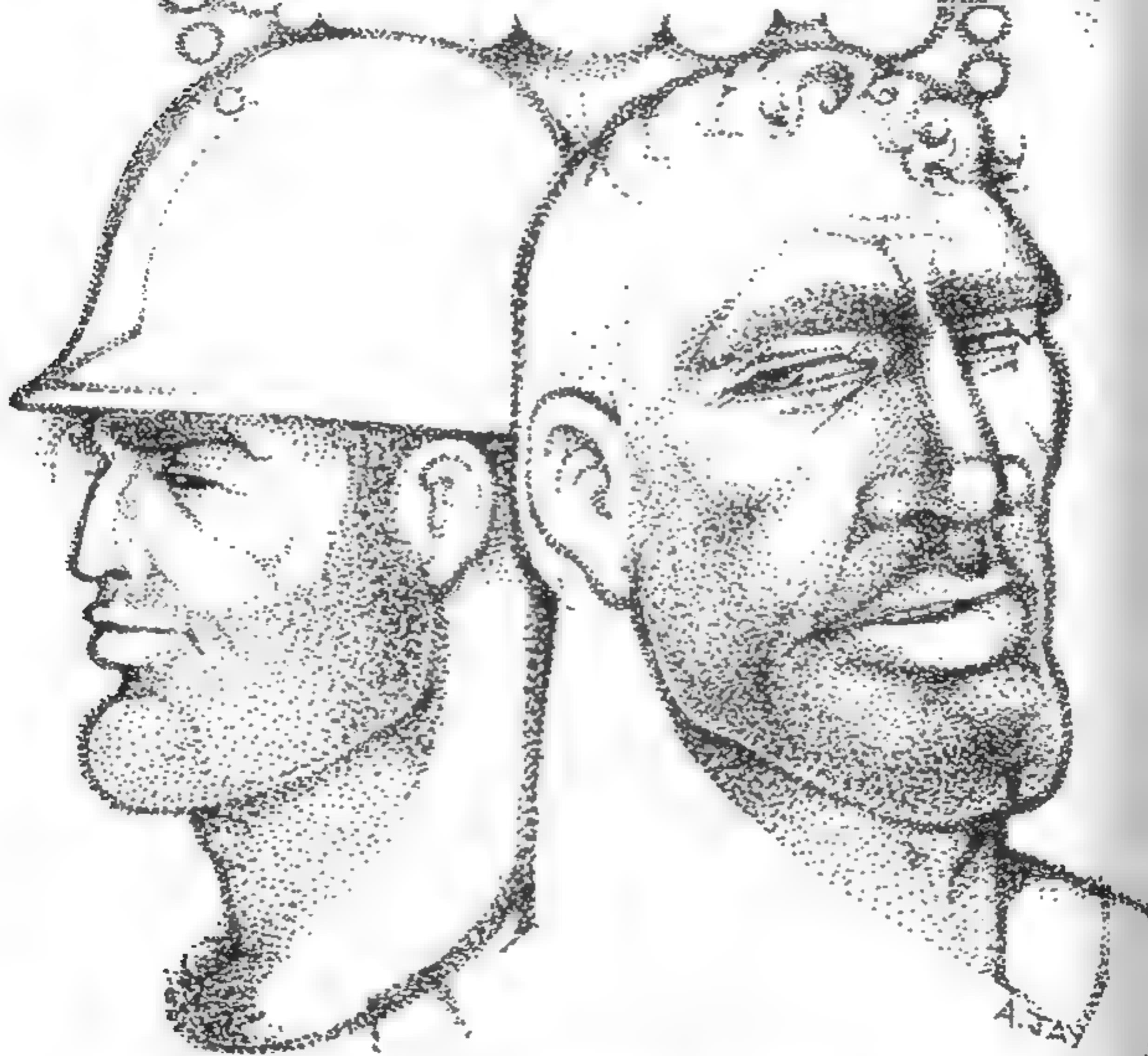


TAURUS

APRIL 20-MAY 20

Drawing by Harry Bush

Corporal In Charge Of Taking Care Of Captain O'Malley



**An All-Talking All-Fucking Shooting Script
by David Hurles and Jack Fritscher**

"Who did you do in the war, Daddy?"

INTERIOR: NIGHT. WARDROOM OF USMC BARRACKS. CORPORAL POWELL, 22, powerfully built and hung, lies stretched back in a bunk, his booted feet spread wide, his USMC fatigues dropped down around his calves. He jerks his cock in CLOSE-UP as the scene opens. At the SOUND OF KNOCKING, CORPORAL POWELL is joined by CAPTAIN O'MALLEY his superior officer. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY is 32, handsome, husky, muscled, and very well hung. O'MALLEY is a Marine career man who knows exactly what he wants and more exactly how to get it.

POWELL: (SOFTLY, JERKING HIMSELF) Ahhh, sucking those guys off today. Jesus. In the fucking john. Ahhh. I been thinking about Weiser for a long time, man, uhohhh, fucking goddam, ohh. (LOUD KNOCK AT DOOR) Who is it?

O'MALLEY: Captain O'Malley.

P: (TO HIMSELF) Captain! Oh god, the Captain! (OUT LOUD) Just a second. (MORE LOUD KNOCKING) Yessir!

O: What's going on in there, Corporal? (POWELL OPENS DOOR)

P: Captain O'Malley, SIR, yessir.

O: Why do you have the door closed when the barracks is empty?

P: I don't know, Sir. I usually just close the door, Sir.

O: At ease, Corporal.

P: Thank you, Sir.

O: Have a seat.

P: Thank you, Sir.

O: Corporal Powell, are you surprised to see me today?

P: Yessir. You're not usually here at night, Sir.

O: I came to talk to you about something I received in my office today.

P: Yessir.

O: I have a report on you from the Colonel.

P: Sir?

(LONG PAUSE AS CAPTAIN O'MALLEY CIRCLES AROUND CORPORAL POWELL)

O: The report says that you've been hanging out in the latrine. You hear me? HANGING OUT IN THE LATRINE, CORPORAL! CORPORAL POWELL . . .

P: Yessir.

O: And sucking cock in the latrine. Corporal Powell.

P: Sir . . .

O: That's what the report says, Corporal. (PAUSE) Is it true?

P: Uhhh.

O: Corporal Powell, speak to me when I talk to you. I'm your Captain.

P: Yessir.

O: Captain

P: Yessir, Captain, Sir.

O: Are you a cocksucker?

(LONG PAUSE)

P: Uhhh, nossir, I ahhhh, I've sucked a few, Sir, but . . . I'm not . . .

O: You're not a faggot?

P: Nossir, nossir.

O: That's good news. But I'm a little disturbed about the report. The Colonel wants me to report back to him on this. So that's why I came to see you.

P: Sir, I don't want to get kicked out of the Marine Corps, Sir. I love the Marine Corps, Sir, and the Honor Guard . . .

O: You'd better love the Marine Corps, you fucking jarhead.

P: I do, Sir.

O: But you're a cocksucker. You been sucking Marine cock . . .

P: Yessir.

O: You suck only Marine cock?

P: Yessir.

(CAPTAIN O'MALLEY STUDIES CORPORAL POWELL UP AND DOWN)

O: I think I'll keep this report locked in my desk and not to pass it back to the Colonel. You understand, Corporal Powell?

P: YESSIR.

O: I expect to get something out of this.

P: Yessir.

O: I expect to get something out of this. Do you read me, Corporal?

P: Not exactly, Sir.

O: I want you to suck my cock.

P: Your cock, Sir?

O: MY COCK. The Captain's cock. You see that thing hanging down in the pants?

P: Yessir.

O: The pantsleg?

P: Yessir.

O: You see that big fucking cock through there?

P: Yes, Captain.

O: You think you can suck that big piece of meat?

P: Yes, yessir.

O: You better check it out. You better take it out of my pants. You better take a good look at it. (CORPORAL POWELL KNEELS AND UNBUTTONS CAPTAIN O'MALLEY'S FLY.) You like the Captain's cock?

P: YESSIR!

O: Captain's Marine cock?

P: YESSIR!

O: Alright, Corporal. Wrap your lips around the head of that big dick.

P: Yessir.

O: See what you can do. (POWELL MAKES SUCKING AND MOANING SOUNDS.) Suck that thing right. Get down on it and swallow that thing. Swallow that fucking Captain's cock. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SLAPS CORPORAL POWELL.) EAT IT!

P: Yessir.

O: I didn't hear you.

P: YESSIR!

O: Captain wants a good blowjob . . . The captain wants a good blowjob, you fuckin' . . . Corporal Cocksucker, suck that big prick. Suck that big prick, Corporal. Corporal Powell, suck it. Uhmmm.

P: (CHOKING SOUNDS)

O: The Captain likes the Corporal's mouth wrapped around his big prick. You hear that?

P: Yessir!

O: Captain O'Malley likes that big cock going in your mouth, sucking me off. Yeah, suck that big cock, Corporal. Come on, Corporal Powell. Come on, Corporal Powell, suck that big fuckin' cock, that big fuckin' Marine cock,

slidin' up and in your mouth. (POWELL SUCKS HARDER.) Yes, you like that don't you? (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SLAPS CORPORAL POWELL.) Speak when I talk to you.

P: YESSIR!

O: Alright, suck. Big fuckin' Marine cock. You got yourself a big fuckin' Marine cock now. No little . . . You got yourself a man's cock. Yeah. Ahhhnnn. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain's gettin' hot. Ummm. The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot. (AGGRESSIVE FACE-FUCKING) The Captain's goin' to shoot a big load of come in your mouth, Corporal Powell. YOU HEAR ME?

P: (CHOKING SOUNDS).

O: YOU WANT A BIG LOAD OF COME? The Captain's come?

P: YESSIR . . .

O: TALK TO ME. Want a big load of come, Captain's come???

P: Yes, Captain.

O: SUCK THAT BIG DICK . . . Ahhh, a fucking good cocksucker. Uhmmmm, the Captain's getting hotter. The Captain's getting hotter. The Captain's getting real hot. Ohhh, the Captain's going to shoot a big load. Ohhh, OHHHHH. OHGAWDD. TAKE THAT COME, CORPORAL. TAKE THAT COME, CORPORAL. TAKE THAT COME AND SWALLOW IT. Swallow that come, Corporal. Come on, Corporal Powell. Swallow it. Drain it all out of there. Drain that come out of the Captain's cock. Drain all that come out of the Captain's big cock

P: (MOANS. CHOKES, SWALLows)

O: You like that come???

P: Ummmm, (VERY LOW TO HIMSELF) His toy's as big as Weiser's.

O: Speak up. I can't hear you.

P: Yessir. I was just remarking, Sir, on the hugeness of it. How it choked me. It's so much bigger than any other cock I've had.

O: The Captain's cock is big?

P: Yessir.

O: You say the Captain's hung?

P: Jesus.

O: Corporal Powell?

P: Yessir.

O: Speak up when I talk to you.

P: It's like a fuckin' donkey, Sir.

O: The Captain's got a donkey dick?

P: Just hanging down. Sir. (COME DRIPS A LONG WEB OF O'MALLEY'S JUICE INTO THE CLOSE-UP OF POWELL'S FACE) Jesus. Oh, shit.

O: Lick the end of it. Where the come is. (O'MALLEY GUIDES POWELL'S HEAD BY FORCE) Right there.

P: Yessir.

O: Get it all out. Okay, that's enough. The Captain is satisfied. For the moment.

P: Yessir.

O: (BUTTONING HIS UNIFORM) Okay, we're going to have a little deal, Corporal Powell.

P: Sir, a deal?

O: A deal. From now on you're going to stay out of the latrine. You understand?

P: Yessir.

O: And from now on you're going to suck my cock. Exclusively.

P: (SLOW, WITH FEELING). Yessir.
O: My cock, and nobody else's cock.
Just my cock. Do you understand, Corporal?

P: Yessir!

O: When I call you, I want you available to suck my big fucking donkey dick.

P: Yessir.

O: You understand? To chow down on my dick.

P: Yessir, Captain.

O: You be out of line one time, that report comes out of my desk and goes to the Colonel. Understand?

P: Yessir, Captain, Sir.

O: WHAT?

P: Can I still be in the Honor Guard, Sir?

O: You can be in the Honor Guard as long as you keep sucking my fucking dick. You understand that, Corporal Powell?

P: Yessir.

O: As long as your mouth works, you're in the Honor Guard. As long as your mouth sucks me exclusively, you stay in the Marine Corps.

P: Yessir.

O: Okay, I'm leaving now.

P: Sir?

O: What?

P: Will you stay for a few minutes? Will you lie down with me, Sir. (VERY LOW) Will Captain O'Malley lie down with Corporal Powell, Sir?

O: Lie down with? You want the Captain to lie down with you?

P: Yessir (PAUSE) Please Sir, lie down with me, Sir

O: Take my boots off

P: Yessir . . .

O: You know the Captain . . . used to have . . . another corporal . . . Corporal Schmidt, you remember Corporal Schmidt? . . . the Corporal you replaced?

P: Yessir, I met him once Big Tucker.

O: He was a very big tucker. You know what the Corporal used to do for the Captain? (O'MALLEY AND POWELL LIE DOWN TOGETHER.)

P: What, Sir?

O: He sucked the Captain's cock.

P: Your big cock, Sir?

O: Every chance I gave him.

P: Your big . . . Jesus!

O: Before you were stationed here.

P: I never would've suspected Sir. That guy Schmidt was huge. He was almost built as you, Sir.

O: How big is your chest, Corporal?

P: Forty-seven, forty-eight.

O: Forty-seven?

P: Yessir.

O: He was exactly 51 inches.

P: Sir, he was huge.

O: He had big, big pecs. Yeah, he had nice tits, too. (O'MALLEY STROKES POWELL'S PECS) But you got nicer tits.

P: Me, Sir?

O: You've got nice nipples. The Captain's going to play with your nipples. I'm gettin' hard just thinking about Corporal Schmidt: how I used to play with his chest, how he used to suck my cock. I want you to suck my cock again, Corporal Powell.

P: Yessir.

O: You want it?

P: Yessir.

O: Get on it. Come on. Suck it again.

(POWELL GOES DOWN OBEDIENTLY ON O'MALLEY) I think the Captain will come again. Suck me good. Suck me good. Come on! Corporal Powell, suck me good. Suck me good and hard. Suck that big donkey dick. You like that big donkey dick?

P: (WITH HIS MOUTH FULL) YES-SIR!

O: OK. Suck it. I'm going to play with your tits. Captain O'Malley is going to play with your tits. Umm, nice, nice tits, nice nipples on that big chest. (POWELL SUCKS AND GROANS FROM HEAVY TIT WORK) Nice big nipples. Yeah, nice big nipples. Suck my balls. Lick my balls.

P: Yessir.

O: Take those balls in your mouth. Take those balls. Yeah. Suck those big hairy balls. Big, hanging, hairy balls. Come on, Corporal Powell, suck those big hairy balls. Ummm, scab your tits . . . Lick those balls, Corporal. Lick those balls. Lick those fuckin' balls. You like these tits being played with?

P: Oww, gawd, yeahhh . . . Jesus, I never knew that. Fuckin' cock . . .

O: You like that?

P: Yessir.

O: Hey, c'mon get down on that big dick, get on that dick. I'm gettin' hot again. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain wants to shoot another load in your mouth . . . shoot another load in your fuckin' mouth, Corporal Powell. C'mon, suck that big prick. Suck that fuckin' big prick, Corporal. Suck the Captain's big prick. Ummm. You like that big . . .

P: Ohhh . . . (SOUNDS OF CHOKING)

O: The Captain's gettin' hot again . . . The Captain's gettin' hot again . . . C'mon, suck it, Corporal. Suck that big dick (TRAILING OFF) . . .

P: UHNNNNN, UNNNNN (CHOKING).

O: Get that fuckin' cock, ohh the Captain's gettin' hot. Ahhh, GODDAMNMM. (COME SHOT HEAVY LOAD FROM CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SHOOTS ALL OVER CORPORAL POWELL'S FACE) Corporal Powell.

P: Yessir.

O: Captain O'Malley thinks you're getting better each time. (O'MALLEY STARTS TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE) Corporal Powell?

P: Yessir.

O: Do you remember that Corporal Schmidt I was talking about?

P: Yessir.

O: Corporal Schmidt got promoted

P: Yessir.

O: Because Captain O'Malley promoted him.

P: Why, Sir?

O: Because he was a good cocksucker. He was a good Marine. But he was also a good cocksucker.

P: Sir.

O: Now, you goin' to continue to suck my cock good?

P: Yessir.

O: A good Marine. A good cocksucker.

P: Where did Corporal Schmidt go, Sir?

O: Corporal Schmidt was put in charge of Olympic bodybuilding for the Marine

Corps in Washington.

P: What a plum job, Sir.

O: Corporal Schmidt got what he deserved. Corporal Powell.

P: I been working out for a long time, Sir, just trying to get into that program.

O: You got a long fuckin' way to go before you measure up to Corporal Schmidt.

P: Yessir.

O: Remember, I told you Corporal Schmidt had a chest fifty-one inches wide.

P: I met him, Sir. I couldn't speak when I first met him. That blond giant.

O: He was a good cocksucker.

P: Just lookin' at him . . .

O: You know what happened?

P: What, Sir?

O: I found out that Corporal Schmidt was suckin' the bodybuilders off. And Corporal Schmidt was not supposed to be fucking with the other Marine bodybuilders.

P: Yessir.

O: He was supposed to suck what?

P: THE CAPTAIN'S COCK, SIR.

O: The Captain's cock.

P: Yessir.

O: He was cheating on the Captain.

P: Yessir, he shouldn't have done that, Sir.

O: You're so fuckin' right. And Corporal Schmidt paid for it.

P: How, Sir?

O: The Captain got pissed. And, you know, Corporal Schmidt had a very nice butt.

P: (LOW) Yessir.

O: You know what the Captain did with the Corporal's butt?

P: CLOSE SHOT. FEAR ON CORPORAL POWELL'S FACE)

O: I ASKED YOU A QUESTION, CORPORAL POWELL.

P: I can't imagine, Sir.

O: Corporal Schmidt started taking the Captain's big donkey dick up his butt-hole.

P: Oh, Jesus! That'd kill him, Sir.

O: It didn't kill him.

P: . . . a big man . . .

O: He learned to love it. Corporal Schmidt got so that he had to have the Captain's cock up his butt.

P: (LOW) God.

O: Constantly. Had to have the Captain's dick up his ass.

P: I never would have thought, Sir . . .

O: You'd be surprised how wide open your butthole can become after the Captain's cock gets up in it a couple times. You know what that Corporal Schmidt did?

P: What, Sir?

O: When his fiancee came to the base on her vacation . . .

P: What'd he do, Sir?

O: He was enjoying the Captain cornholing him so much, that he sent that fuckin' girlfriend of his back to Des Moines, and came directly to the Captain, so the Captain could fuck him again. And that night I fucked his butthole, four fuckin' times. I rammed this big donkey dick up his butthole four fuckin' times that day when he sent his girlfriend back to Des Moines, Iowa . . .

P: Gawd, Sir.

O: . . . because Corporal Schmidt

loved the Captain's cock.

P: I can't imagine a big fuckin' man like that bending over. God, that's sickening.

O: Sickening, Corporal Powell?

P: Oh man, that's a faggot.

O: (PISSED) The Captain... Look... A lot of Marines here on the base are gettin' cornholed by their buddies. But when you can have a Captain put it to you, and you know how big this Captain's fucking cock is. It's for the Corps. For the fuckin' Marine Corps. Just look at the fuckin' rod. One more look.

P: That fuckin' big rod.

O: You know...

P: Fuckin' big dick, Sir.

O: You know, the bigger the cock, the easier it is to take it up your butthole. You know that?

P: Man, it would split it. You mean it didn't split him, Sir?

O: It did split him.

P: He opened wide open for the Captain, Sir?

O: The first time he bled. A little.

P: God, I can't even imagine something like that.

O: The second time, and the third time, and the sixth time, there was never a problem. Corporal Schmidt loved it. Corporal Schmidt loved gettin' fucked by Captain O'Malley. And you know what the Captain wants to do to you?

P: Nossir.

O: You wanna stay in the Marine Corps?

P: Yessir.

O: You wanna get promoted?

P: Yessir.

O: Then Captain O'Malley thinks he'd better take a look at your butt.

P: Ahhh, Sir, I can't do that, Sir.

O: Corporal, Corporal Powell.

P: YESSIR.

O: Captain O'Malley wants to see your butt.

P: Yessir.

O: Captain O'Malley wants to see it now. I want you to drop those fuckin' shorts and let me see that butt.

P: Yessir.

O: C'mon. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SLAPS CORPORAL POWELL) Let me see that butt.

P: Yessir.

O: Okay. Hit the edge of the sack and bend over. Let's see what we can do with it.

P: Awwwhh, Sir. Please don't fuck me, Sir.

O: Ummmmm, Captain O'Malley thinks the Corporal has a nice butt. Stick it up here in my face. Let me see the opening here. Spread it!

P: Oh, god.

O: Corporal Powell?

P: YESSIR.

O: You've got a nice butt. A nice firm butt. A good size, not too big, but just right for Captain O'Malley.

P: Ohhh, god.

O: Just right for the Captain. Just right. (CLOSE SHOT. O'MALLEY SLAPS POWELL'S SWEAT STREAKED ASS) The Captain likes it. The Captain likes that butt. (MORE SLAPS ON THE ASS) Look at that juicy hole.

P: Please, Sir.

O: Look at that nice juicy hole. Do

you know what the Captain's going to do to that hole?

P: What, Sir?

O: The Captain's goin' to lick it. He's going to stick his tongue up in it.

P: Ohhh, Sir.

O: Fuckin'...

P: Sir... (LONG SHOT: FROM HIGH ANGLE ACROSS THE BARRACKS, THE CAMERA SEES CAPTAIN O'MALLEY KNEEL AND TONGUE THE EXPOSED ASS OF CORPORAL POWELL)

O: (BACK TO CLOSE SHOT) LMM. Captain O'Malley likes that hole, sticking up in his face, nice virgin hole, nice virgin Marine hole. Gonna get it wet. Juicy. Then plug it.

P: Ohh, Sir, please... please don't fuck me.

O: I'll fuck you if I feel like it.

P: Oh, nossir.

O: But right now I want to lick it out. Lick it clean.

P: Ohhh, Sir. Nossir.

O: I want to lick your butthole clean, Corporal Powell. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY RIMS.)

P: Nossir, all during high school... oh, yessir... I avoided getting cornholed then... (LOW) Oh, yessir. Don't fuck me... Don't, Sir. Please, Sir. Don't, Sir. Please, Sir.

O: Corporal, that's nice. You've got a fucking nice butthole... a nice butthole... it's good for my fuckin' big tongue... my fuckin' big tongue likes it. It likes lickin' your butthole. Yeah, Corporal Powell's got a nice butthole. Wooo, Captain O'Malley likes your butthole, Corporal, ummmmm. Let's take a look at this big cock hanging underneath. You've got a nice cock, too, Corporal.

P: hank you, Sir. Ahhh!

O: A nice cock. Maybe we can pull it all the way around.

P: Ahhh!

O: All the way around, stick it straight out, straight out between your legs, like this.

P: Uggeghhh!

O: Sure looks good. How many inches you think this is, Corporal?

P: I don't know, Sir.

O: It looks to me like about nine. Nine fuckin' inches of hard Marine cock.

P: Ohhh, God!

O: In the Captain's hand.

P: God, that's driving me crazy, Sir.

O: Do you like the way the Captain strokes it?

P: YESSIR!

O: ummm. The Captain likes stroking it too.

P: Ohh, god!... Ah, Captain!

O: Don't you fuckin' come, Corporal. You hear me?

P: I'm so fuckin'... (O'MALLEY SLAPS POWELL'S ASS)... Captain, Sir, oh Sir. Yessir. Yessir... YESSIR!

O: Don't you forget it.

P: Oh goddam, Captain O'Malley, I never felt anything...

O: We're gonna use your throat too, because you're gonna take care of the Captain while you're here at this barracks. You understand?

P: Yessir.

O: (O'MALLEY SLAPS POWELL

AGAIN) Fuckin' suck this after it's been used.

P: Yessir.

O: Alright. Now you just lay right there and the Captain's going to grease his big donkey dick up. You hear me? (SILENCE) You hear me, Corporal? (O'MALLEY THREATENS WITH HIS OPEN HAND.)

P: Ohhh, Sir.

O: You're going to take the Captain's dick. You might bleed a little bit.

P: Nossir, nossir...

O: You're going to bleed a little bit, because you're nice and tight. The Captain can tell when he sticks his tongue up there that you're nice and tight. The Captain's gonna get your cherry. The Captain's gonna cop your cherry, Corporal. You hear that, Corporal Powell? You hear me?

P: Yessir.

O: The Captain's gonna get your cherry. You gonna give the Captain your cherry.

P: Ahhh!

O: YOU GONNA GIVE THE CAPTAIN YOUR CHERRY?

P: Yessir.

O: You gonna give the Captain your fuckin' cherry?!

P: Yessir. (CLOSE SHOT: POWELL'S FACE HIT BY O'MALLEY'S PALM)

O: If you want to stay in the Marine Corps, right? You wanna stay in the fuckin' Marine Corps? Then you're gonna give me your fuckin' cherry, Corporal. Get me some grease. Get me something that I can stick it in there with. C'mon, move it, man. Move it.

P: Yessir.

O: Ummm. Grease the Captain's cock up, c'mon. Grease the Captain's cock up. Corporal. Grease it up.

P: Covering the Captain's big dick with oil.

O: It feels good on the Captain's donkey dick. Grease that big fucker up!

P: Yessir.

O: That big fucker wants in your butthole.

P: Please don't, Sir.

O: It wants to pump your butthole.

P: Please, Sir.

O: The Captain's gonna fuck your butt.

P: Oh, Jesus.

O: The Captain's gonna make you feel so good.

P: Yessir.

O: You're gonna want this cock all the time.

P: Nossir.

O: The Captain's gonna fuck you regularly.

P: For the Corps, Sir

O: Gonna fuck you regularly.

P: For the Honor Guard, Sir.

O: Now, I want that ass turned over. I want you on your stomach.

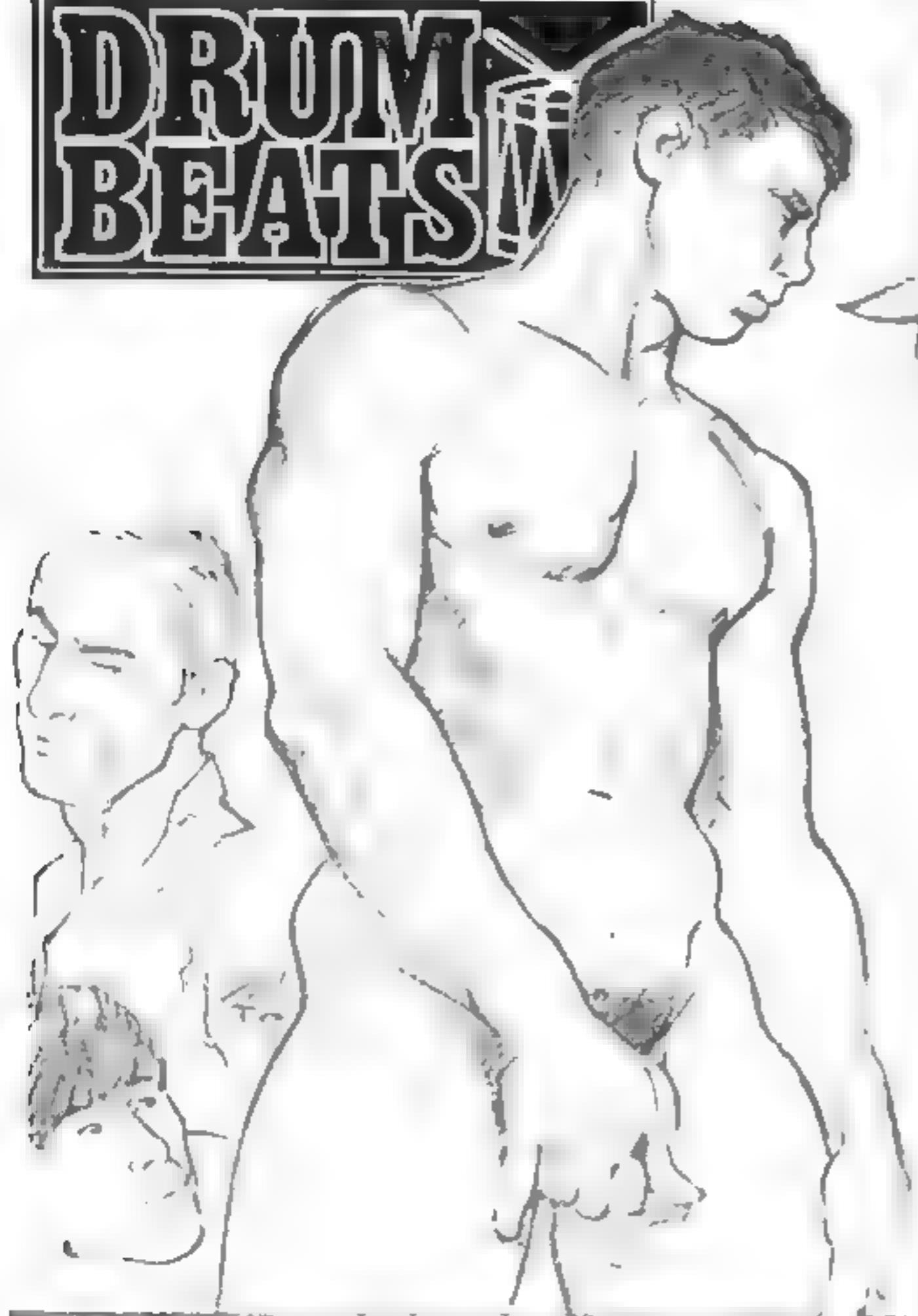
P: Yessir.

O: Now, let's put your butt up on a pillow. A nice pillow. So you can get ready for the Captain.

P: Ahhh.

O: The Captain's gonna get big and hard... big and hard. He's gonna get you all greased up in your butthole. Awright? He's gonna put some grease up in your butthole. Right down there in that crack.

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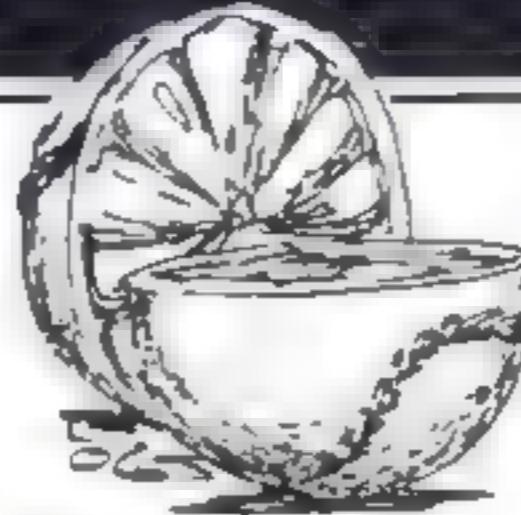
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TOUGH SHIT!



DISCUS THROWER

Talk about quick release. We'd be willing to say that cow-chip throwing moves along faster than any other sport. You just get in there, heave, and get out. And we're real good at it. Jim Cox, competing in last fall's California Cow Chip Throwing Contest in Exeter, sailed his first throw a world record 180 feet (old record 176' 10"). Jay Johnson also broke the record with a toss of 179 feet. As in any organized sport, the CCT is carefully regulated. Chips must be at least six inches long and cannot be modified. Unless you can somehow train a cow to produce to specifications.



DOWN IN THE DUMPS: IT CAME FROM BENEATH ANITA BRYANT

Anita Bryant's campaign against homosexuals has succeeded completely in diverting attention from an almost unspeakably squalid scandal in her own life. A medical study commissioned by this magazine, has reached the astonishing conclusion that, even by the most ultra-conservative computations, the religious leader has already released a minimum of 9,300 units of excreta, or as doctors call them, stools. The dimensions of this monumental legacy may be seen in the fact that her stools to date, given an average length of 6", total 4,680 feet, or well over three times the height of the Empire State Building. Their weight totals 234 tons. The work this has presented to the Sewer Department in Miami, where Ms. Bryant has deposited the overwhelming bulk of her faecal matter, is incalculable. It is this department which is charged with the responsibility of processing and disposing of her wastes so that they do not contaminate the city's beaches and water supply. Untreated, her stools alone would be sufficient to destroy Miami as an ocean resort and to afflict the natives with a series of diseases as varied as they are painful. But numerous other cities, where Ms. Bryant makes appearances and uses toilets in motels and backstage at auditoria, have had to deal with smaller deposits at one time or another. The image of Ms. Bryant sitting on toilets and releasing her wastes through her anus with such frequency, and in so many locations is not a pleasant one, but one that in medicine we must confront and are trained to deal with.

MANHATTAN REVIEW

CHICKEN SHIT MARINE

CANADA. — The hairs on sailors' thighs are short and stunted because their pants are tight. At least Canadian sailors used to wear very snug bell bottoms; don't know what they wear nowadays. That bit about their thigh hairs is a piece of miscellany I picked up from my first suck job. We were both 19 or so. He was butch, blond and rather drunk. But I'll start at the beginning. As a student, I used to spend weekends at a seaport town near the university I was attending. I used to stay with an older man, still a very good friend, who used to go out at night and pick up sailors we would share back at his place. He loves sucking too, but goes ape over ass nowadays. One night he brought home the drunken blond sailor. He had a strong build and lived to get sucked by the hour. My friend got sucking him in the car, the sailor sitting on the toilet seat with his fly wide open and big cut cock jutting out. I was new to sucking. Up till then, I had just liked getting done and had never cared to reciprocate. I listened at the closed door of the bathroom as my friend was schlurping over the sailor's dick. Then he came out and said I could try it if I liked. I was trembling as I knelt and discovered for the first time in my life the pleasure of sucking cock. We all ended up in the bed. Our sailor friend sprawled back and let us suck away to our hearts' content. He took a long time coming because he was drunk, and wanted to make quite sure that each of us got enough cock. I came in my shorts without anyone touching me. Sailors are funny. Sometimes we'd land one hot and horny from being with a girl and seeking release. One I remember lay back in an armchair and pretended to be asleep. He let me unzip his fly and suck him off. He came with a grunt and heavy breathing, but didn't open his eyes or "wake up." Another beautiful, slim, blond sailor (this was when I was 20 and so was he) would warn me just before he came, as though he were afraid I might not like it. Once I fucked him and he loved it. Sailors, and all those other men I sucked off — God bless them all. They helped keep me sane when I was working out a lot of things in my student days 10 years ago.

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Boyd McDonald, Box 982, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10019

JAMES DEAN STANDS FOR PIG SHIT

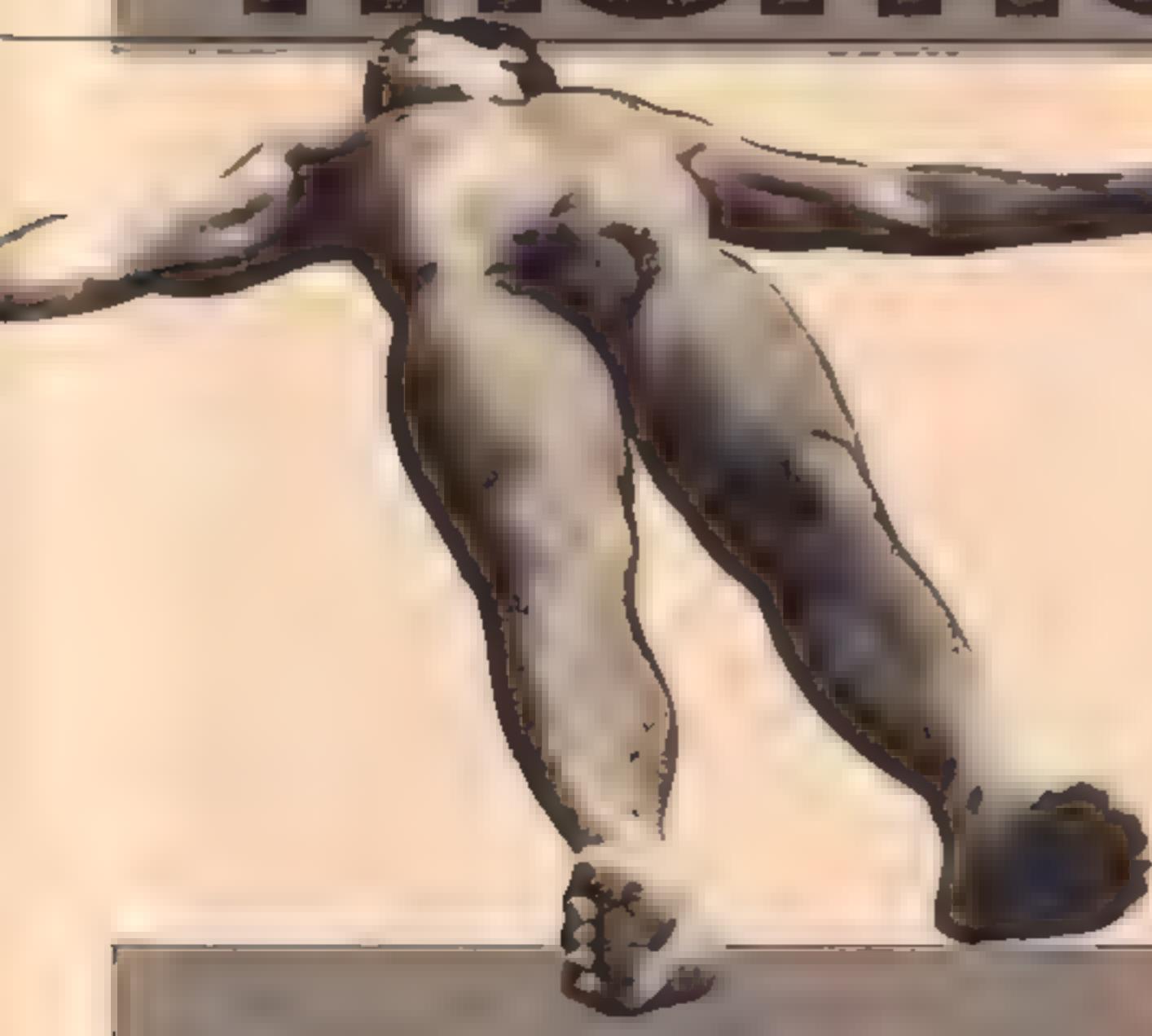


BOOK
SECTION

privates!

a true vietnam memoir.

by D.L. Ramsey



VIETNAM. My mind tonight focuses on the brief sexual encounters and somehow forgets the hardships and narrow escapes from death. The horrors I barely remember. More vividly I relive hugging the smooth skin of a young dental technician, sucking the hard muscle of a combat Marine, carting to bed a drunk construction stiff, passionately getting fucked by a young med, tasting cock on a beautiful private smelling of tropical sweat.

This is, you see, my true story. You won't read this kind of truth in *TIME*.

I haven't talked much about my experiences in Nam. Most people seem ashamed about our involvement in that war. I get the feeling that nobody wants to hear more Vietnam stories. Now, maybe with a decade passed, I can tell mine. Or at least the high points.

The American TGIF was alive and well every day in 1967 Vietnam. After a ten-hour work day we'd pile into a lounge for booze and snacks.

THE USMC OFFICER

One day I ran into a Marine Corps officer visiting our base from a combat area. Although he outranked me by several levels and I knew him only socially as a friend of my previous Commanding Officer on another tour of duty in the U.S., I invited him to join our group for a beer.

My working buddies enjoyed hearing his experiences in the war zone. We got pretty drunk as it got later and finally we left to eat dinner at the messhall.

It was after dinner that I invited him to my room to hear my latest stereo gear. Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" started the music spinning. He pulled out a couple of fresh cigars.

"How about an after dinner snort?" I asked. "I got some Jack Daniel's."

"Sure," he said producing a large cloud of white smoke from his small tight mouth.

While I poured the shots he sat down spreading his legs apart on the edge of the bed. I sat on a brown metal folding chair nearby.

The comradeship of this particular evening made me feel close to him. The alcohol made me bold. So I asked him a leading question. "You've been telling me about your job. How you've been around. But . . ." I hesitated, "I guess I'd like to hear how you like to, I guess, prefer to get yourself off."

"Well," he said as a bulge appeared in his left pants leg, "things do happen. Weird things. Danger gets me hard. I had a wet dream on patrol once. A daydream, for Crisakes. I shit down the inside of my pants leg. It helped relieve the fear of being trapped. I was pretty scared that mission."

My prick hardened as I watched his prong protrude from the durable green cloth of his fatigues. The Airplane pounded out the sensual beat of "White Rabbit." I rubbed my hand slowly over my own cock. Nice reflex action.

"You look like you want some head yourself." He took a slow drag off his cigar.

"Not a lot of women out here."

"Bullshit." He unhitched the web belt holding his .45 in a holster. He tossed the gun behind him on my bed. "The towns are filled with whorehouses. You're a smart guy. You know a buddy can take care of anything his buddy needs."

"How much is anything?"

"Let's find out. Get at my pants."

I pulled his fatigues down around his knees. His dick darted straight out from his tight muscled body. The pale skin contrasted with his tanned face.

"Suck it." He ordered quiet but firm.

I sucked him and I stroked my cock, jerking it to the rhythm of the music. Lying back on the bed, he closed his eyes. His hips slowly and gently thrust to the music.

The head of his cock probed down my throat and I could feel that old reflex to upchuck. Jeez. Jack Daniel's sour mash mixed with the floating stuff in my mouth. I closed my lips tighter around his engorged prong to avoid a mess. Keerist! He moaned with pleasure.

His eyes opened wide. He reached toward me and ran his hands through my short hair. Firmly he held onto the back of my head and pushed my face down his shaft, then pulled it up and pushed me down again.

I could hold it in no longer. Two weeks of my white lumpy cum spewed out over his legs, his socks, and his spit-shined, black-toed combat boots. I managed to swallow my vomit as I heard his moans rapidly increase with the music. As "White Rabbit" ended, so did he.

THE ARMY PRIVATE

I remember having very mixed feelings the day I arrived in Nam.

Flights to and from Nam were in chartered 707's. On board, every Armed Forces service sported men of all ages, sizes, and rank. After flying nineteen hours we buckled seat belts in preparation for landing at Tan Son Nhut, the major air base near Saigon. My stomach knotted. I'm in an active war zone, I thought. I could be killed any time. My armpits reeked of sweat from the one-hour, mid-Pacific refueling stops where the plane was not hooked up to ground air-conditioning equipment. Now, new perspiration joined the old and poured out under my arms and on my forehead. My hands were wet and clammy. Conversations between passengers had ceased.

The air was tense.

Outside the plane, army militia in crumpled uniforms patrolled the area. A vague smell of rotten fish and the slight sting in my eyes from Saigon smog added to my discomfort. Eventually, buses took us to our various command posts.

Jet lag had left me drowsy for the two-day briefing at my outfit's headquarters in Saigon. Temporarily, I had been billeted in a BOQ with two other junior officers. At night, tired as I was, I tossed and turned in a narrow bed that was too soft, feeling keyed and horny. The other two snored blissfully. My cock stayed hard no matter which position I turned to nor how intently I tried to sleep.

Our indoctrination over, I was transported on a prop plane to the city in the middle of Nam where I'd be based. It was located by the sea and within walking distance of a long sandy beach, but a week went by before I could enjoy the shores of the Gulf of Tonkin.

That first week had a lot of memories but strangely enough I remember the command toilet buildings lined with rows of washbasins and showerstalls separated by short partitions; the naked men lathered with soap, joking with each other while they shaved, all of them in the kind of physical condition a war demands of soldiers.

It was a six day work week in the beginning. So I looked forward to Sunday on the beach. I was up at 5:30 on my first

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free day. Throwing a towel over my shoulder, I went exploring the sand and the sea, and, hopefully, whomever I would meet. It didn't take long.

The camp was near a deserted part of the beach. At the top of the knoll where the beach ended and scrub brush continued, a pill box sat five feet high, with a flat top. Horizontal narrow slits for gun barrels were sliced out of each side that faced the sea. What had drawn my eye, was a stunning young private with large blue eyes and uncombed short brown hair.

He sat on top of the mini-fortress, his long legs dangling over the edge. I could see a large protrusion in his red trunks. He was leaning back supported by his arms. His rippled abdomen and hairless pectorals were quite tan.

I turned and walked toward him. He stared at me without changing his expression. Perhaps, I thought, he might resent my company. After all, he is alone. (I'm aggressive, but careful.) So I started with some small talk.

In response, he merely nodded his head slowly up and down, and then glanced at his own crotch. (I tried again.) "I'm new here. What's this? Some sort of concrete bunker?"

He shrugged his shoulders. He didn't know or didn't care. As he spread his legs more apart, his prick rose in his red suit. I boldly came closer, standing finally directly between his legs. His cock was about seven inches long and not too wide. He shut his eyes and tossed his head back. After a moment's hesitation, I put my hand on his right knee. He was warm from the sun. I started to move my fingers seductively along his slender thigh.

Suddenly, he jumped up.

For a second I panicked. I had gone too far. And there were no witnesses around. Sure didn't want to be a defendant in a courts martial.

Nimbly he turned and walked across the top of the pill box towards the side away from the sea. He motioned for me to follow. I felt relieved as I walked around the huge concrete box. At the back was a narrow entry so low, he had to stoop to enter.

It smelled dank and musty. Dried seaweed wrapped around crushed soda cans on the sandy floor. He swept the debris aside and spread out his towel. Then he lay down on it, flat on his back. I remember thinking it curious that he closed his eyes again. Nothing ventured, I guessed, nothing gained. His dick was hard. My hard was hot. I sprung his dick from his brief suit and licked the reddish-purple, smooth head of his warm cock.

My own prick had stiffened. With my baggy blue trunks pulled down, I played myself and gave this military trade an honest blow job. I ran my free hand over his smooth body. His nipples hardened as I brushed them with my fingers. He liked that. He almost purred. A white band of untanned skin pointed toward his soft, fine, and loosely curled pubic hair. I licked this young private's balls. The odor of his sweet sweat overpowered me. I lifted his legs up, edged my mouth toward his asshole, and tongued everything worth tasting. I wet-circled the perimeter of his hole. Then took a hit off his hole itself, hoping for a sip of his assjuice.

My Vietnam journal, coded in a shorthand and speed-writing mix I invented as a teenager, keeps the details fresh in my mind.

I licked back to the crimson head of his cock, tipping my tongue to enter his tiny slit. Again he purred. I could wait no longer; I swallowed his slender prick. Whole and entire; he was fiery hot in my throat. I twisted my neck a little to admit the whole length of it down. My nose lowered into his fine pubic fleece. His ripe tropical sweat drove me to suck hard and fast while I rubbed my own cock into coming.

He beat me to the finish line by a fraction of a second.

My wad spurted onto the sandy floor. He groaned, his brow wrinkled as if he was in great agony. He squirted so deep in my throat I could not taste his cum until his prong started to soften and retreat from my mouth. His afterquakes of body-shocks briefly covered his body with goosebumps. The young soldier smiled a contented smile. All this with his eyes still closed.

I dropped his limp dick out of my mouth and moved up to kiss him. But he jumped up fast, shaking the sand from his towel, flipping his cock and balls back into his brief suit, and leaving the abandoned machine gun emplacement.

I was stunned. And I felt very lonely. To him, probably straight, it was just getting his rocks off.

After our meeting, every chance I got, even by skipping lunch, I cruised the beach, sometimes by sitting alone spread-eagle on one of the old pill boxes which dotted the beach every hundred feet. I never saw him again. But there were others, and lots of good times.

THE DOCTOR

The almost unspoiled beaches of Nam were a relaxing escape from the nasty business of a wasteful war. One day, the sun blazed hot. The monsoons were over for the year. Slight gusts of soft wind cooled my skin. Every twenty minutes I'd swim out and wet my body in the surf.

This day the beach was almost uninhabited. The beige sand sparkled with specks of mica. From the distance a sturdy man sauntered in my direction. The small waves lazily, lapped the long shoreline.

I rolled over on my towel. From my beach bag, I dug out my thermos and swigged some vodka-spiked grapefruit juice. A glance down the beach revealed the hot man had approached much closer.

He stopped to pick up a seashell which he studied with his brown eyes. His short nose crinkled. He shook his closely cropped brunette head from side to side as if to say "no" to the shell. Crouching like an ancient Greek discus thrower, he flung the seashell towards the ocean with his strong right arm. The sight of his burly body in motion aroused my cock.

He continued walking towards me. I rolled onto my side, presenting "arms" in my white bathing suit.

"You a connoisseur of seashells?" I asked.

His grin encouraged me.

"You tossed a shell back into the ocean."

"I already had one that shape and color. These are different."

I took the bag of shells he offered me as he hunkered down in front of me. He wore boxer shorts. The tip of his uncircumcised cock hung heavy out the bottom. Christ! I heard myself offering him to sit on my towel rather than my face.



"Here, sit on my towel while I look over your collection. Have some cold vodka and grapefruit juice." He sat and drank and I kept one eye and both hands on the shells. "Well," I said, "you sure chose these shells carefully. You have a good eye for looking at things."

"I think you are very good looking."

This compliment surprised me. I'm a sucker for eyes that glisten like dark maple syrup. And shit, he was hard.

"Let's go out into the water," he said. "Someone might come along and see us or might be watching the coast through binoculars."

The warm waves splashed around our legs as we walked out into the gulf. The sand sloped down so slowly that we had to go out about fifty meters before the water covered our hot asses. Out that far, I dove under him and playfully released a breath of bubbles into his swim trunks. When I emerged from the water behind him, he grinned and grabbed for my waist. In a mock struggle he slipped off my trunks. My cock was free in the salt water.

He took off his own suit and with his powerful right arm threw both suits towards land.

I was underwater again, sucking on his cock. The large smooth head had emerged from its protective sheath. I tickled the back of my throat with it till I was out of breath and had to surface.

As I wiped the salty tasting water from my moustache, I hugged his hot burning chest to my skinny one. Our hands roamed all over each other's backs and my excitement grew stronger. I could feel my balls shriveling and tightening aching to shoot.

While both his hands massaged my ass, I wrapped my legs around his waist sliding my swollen prick over his hairy abdomen.

His finger found and probed pleasantly into my asshole. I lay back on top of the water with my legs twisted together behind his rear. He replaced his finger with his hard rod. He gently and gradually rode into me, feeling so good I had to hold myself back from shooting.

Soon he was pounding his firm body between my legs. The more aroused, the rougher he got. He held me tight to him like someone he'd never seen. I mean, it was ridiculous sun, surf, sex, and all of us living round the clock with death. I closed my eyes. Shit. The ocean outside me. Him inside me. He fucked harder. I came. He shot. We sank joined together into the surf. Just like fucking *From Here to Eternity*. We hugged and laughed. A large wave almost toppled us and we started out of the water. I was beside him as we ploughed through the water toward the beach. Then, suddenly, he grabbed me and stopped me, pulling me close to him. His semi-hard cock let loose a stream of hot yellow piss over my stomach. He drew me close to him and wrapped his arm around my neck as he kissed me and pissed over my body. No one had ever pissed on me. It was strange. But I liked it. My hardon had returned and I had to make it across the deserted sand to my blanket with my cock ahead of me by eight inches.

After we had reached the shore and had put on our swim trunks, we sat and talked over the vodka and grapefruit juice.

"What kind of work you do?"

"I'm a Doctor. I sew up all those wounded soldiers they fly into here from the jungles."

"Pretty bloody work!"

"Frankly," he replied as his forehead furrowed nervously, "it's too gory. They bring them back by the plane load. We have to do triage there are so many."

"That bothers you?"

"Yes. In fact that's why I seek this kind of sex. Somehow it brings back to me a sense of life . . . after seeing so much blood and guts all day."

"You have sex just with men?"

"Back home I'm married, two kids, the wife, the house, the two cars . . . the full catastrophe . . . The whole straight bit. I never touched men there. The whores here pass on a dose even penicillin can't reach. My wife would kill me if I brought something like that back. Somehow, here in this hell hole, everything's topsy-turvy. What isn't terrible is, I guess, okay."

"I've had good sex with men outside of this war zone and even caught VD, before I was in the service and it seemed fun and normal to me."

"I don't know about that. For this Doctor, sex with a guy rejuvenates me. I'll see what happens later when I get back to the states. I hope I'll see you again here on the beach."

He did.

THE TEXAS HARDHAT

Another day, returning to my truck parked by a construction zone, I noticed a short man dressed in brown work clothes, the same color UPS delivery men wear nowadays. This guy was scratching the underside of his balls through his heavy-duty pants. Curious and horny, I wandered over to him to make some idle conversation.

"How you doing today?"

"It's always a bitch," he drawled, "honchoing these lazy motherfuckers. How about y'all?"

"I'm fine." I deliberately scratched at my crotch.

"Too goddam hot everyday in this fucking hole." He wiped his forehead with the back of his grease-crescent fingers.

"Where you from?" (How idle can conversation get?)

"Texas."

"Hot there too." (Who cares how idle if it works.)

"Texas' dry heat. This here's humid. Makes you sweaty all the time." He raised his left arm and pointed with a stubby right index finger to the large perspiration stain on the thick weave of his workshirt.

"I know," I said, "my balls are always drizzling." (I had to find out where he was.) I shifted my weight and pulled at my green fatigue crotch.

He wore mirrored sunglasses so I couldn't see his eyes only two small reflections of me scratching my balls. He took off his hard hat and brushed his chubby right hand through his matted, oily brown hair. "Yeh, 'n' I never can get my hair clean," he said.

"The blowing sand . . ." I was interrupted.

"Son of a bitch. That motherfucker's putting that joist in the wrong fuckin' place! Gotta go."

He ran fast; his brown ankle boots sloshed through the dust. I headed back to my truck to drive on about my own work and imagine the next time I could have with this Texan.

The following Saturday night in the messhall with three others from my office I saw a brown shape moving towards the table. It was the Texan again, lurching and weaving his way through the orderly rows of tables and folding chairs. As he grabbed a table for support, a metal chair fell on its side. He stood upright swaying from side to side. His mirrored glasses reflected the long rows of fluorescent lights hung from the open rafters. He moved again.

Towards me.

A thousand thoughts plowed through my brain. My cock cock hardened.

"Hey, Lieutenant, I need a little help." His hand grabbed my shoulder.

"You need a lotta help, man."

"I can't find my fuckin' room. Had a few beers. Damn maze of barracks!"

There is one scene in life: when a hot and horny man starts playing "Boy-was-I-drunk-last-night" and you do not take him into your bed.

I'm no sinner.

He leaned more heavily on my shoulder. I pulled one of his arms around my shoulder while I put mine around his waist and headed to the door. I mean what do you do to a drunken soldier?

Outside I headed towards the barracks where the construction crew bunked, not sure where his room was. He alternately leaned his warm body towards me and pulled away.

Suddenly his boot slipped in the darkness off the boardwalk. We fell in a pile on the sand beside the walkway.

"Shit!" He spit sand.

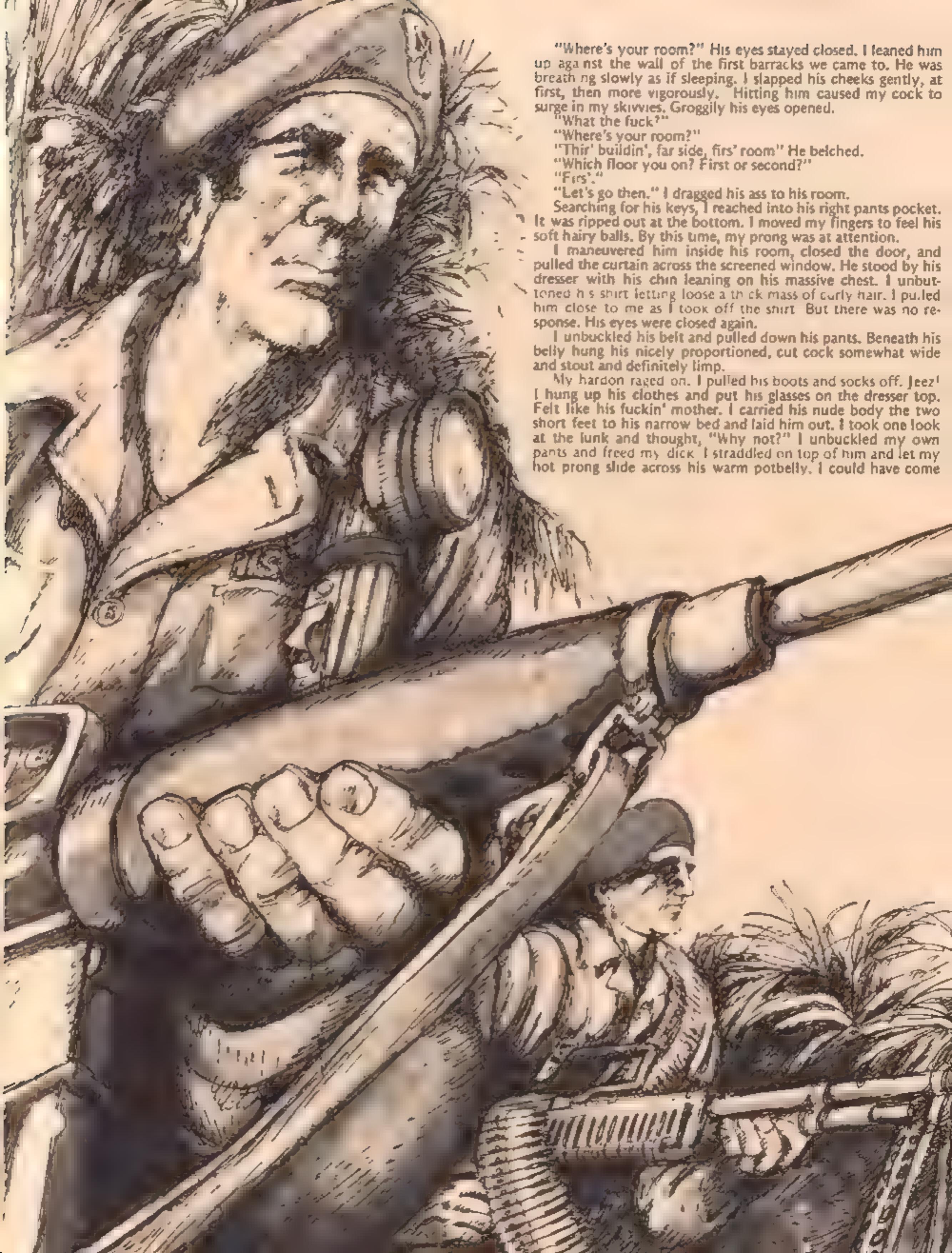
"Come on," I urged, "Get up. Now."

"I'm fuckin' stuck."

"Pul, your fuckin' left leg from under your ass!"

I picked up his shades which had fallen off. Finally I could see his eyes, bloodshot from his drinking bout. In the middle, however, the iris glowed an island green like that of a tiger I had once seen in a Berlin zoo.

Lifting him up took strength. My big construction stiff was limp, his whole body dead weight. I bellied into his butt, put my arms under his and clasped my hands in front of his chest. Pushing up with my legs I was able to lift him.



"Where's your room?" His eyes stayed closed. I leaned him up against the wall of the first barracks we came to. He was breathing slowly as if sleeping. I slapped his cheeks gently, at first, then more vigorously. Hitting him caused my cock to surge in my skivvies. Groggily his eyes opened.

"What the fuck?"

"Where's your room?"

"Thir' buildin', far side, firs' room" He belched.

"Which floor you on? First or second?"

"Firs'."

"Let's go then." I dragged his ass to his room.

Searching for his keys, I reached into his right pants pocket. It was ripped out at the bottom. I moved my fingers to feel his soft hairy balls. By this time, my prong was at attention.

I maneuvered him inside his room, closed the door, and pulled the curtain across the screened window. He stood by his dresser with his chin leaning on his massive chest. I unbuttoned his shirt letting loose a thick mass of curly hair. I pulled him close to me as I took off the shirt. But there was no response. His eyes were closed again.

I unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants. Beneath his belly hung his nicely proportioned, cut cock somewhat wide and stout and definitely limp.

My hardon raged on. I pulled his boots and socks off. Jeez! I hung up his clothes and put his glasses on the dresser top. Felt like his fuckin' mother. I carried his nude body the two short feet to his narrow bed and laid him out. I took one look at the lunk and thought, "Why not?" I unbuckled my own pants and freed my dick. I straddled on top of him and let my hot prong slide across his warm potbelly. I could have come

right then.

For a while I sucked his dick, but he stayed limp. I tried to roll him over, maybe I could fuck him. He was, however, too heavy to roll. I straddled his face and rubbed my asshole over it trying to stick his nose up my hole. Still no response. Really hot to trot, I stood beside the bed and jacked myself off letting my white hot cum spurt, splash, and spray all over his cock and balls. In the morning, he'd awake thinking he'd had a wet dream. It had been sex with a hot man. But drunk and stupored as he was, it was like sex with the dead. I buttoned up my pants, cinched my belt, and left, locking him into his room. A week or so later we met at the messhall when he was sober. We bitched again about the hot weather as if nothing had ever happened.

LAST DANCE IN BAN ME THUOT

For a few months I was flying once a week to the inland town of Ban Me Thuot for one or two day inspection trips. This village is high in the mountains to the west near the Cambodia border.

I temporarily billeted at the BOQ with members of all the military services. Usually I was the only Navy guy. The log building, erected on stilts against flash floods, was an elaborate structure. The ancient royalty of VietNam had prepared here for elephant hunting trips into the nearby jungles. The fact was the place reminded me of Trader Vic's. For this we were fighting a war!

One evening I was sitting in the lounge watching the news. My eyes cased the TV room. On a couch opposite me, sat an Army Lieutenant with shiny black hair cut to a crew. He wore khaki bermuda shorts and long socks, a popular uniform with Army officers stationed in Ban Me Thuot. His calves, highlighted by the long socks, bulked large as a Muscle Beach bodybuilder.

He returned my look. His mouth opened slightly. The tip of his tongue wet his upper lip. He met my stare quite frankly. The excitement of the chase was on. My bulge stretched down my left leg.

His bedroom eyes motioned me toward the porch doors. He rose, pulled for a second at his crotch, and walked out to the porch without looking anymore at me. A few discreet moments and I followed. Halfway along the porch, I found him leaning on the handrail.

His left leg lay on the top railing and on the inside of that muscular thigh his hardon displayed nicely through his short pants.

"Hmmm," I said.

"Yeah," he said.

"Me too," I said.

"For sure," he said. "Like a hit?"

A neophyte to weed, I didn't know what to expect. Soon, however, the potent Nam grass had mellowed me down.

He rolled down the blinds and approached me with his eyes half-closed and smoldering.

"With my door locked, not much air gets into the room. You'll get sweaty unless you strip off your clothes."

"Sweaty, huh?"

We both stripped naked. His face and thighs were tanned, his body well proportioned and sinewy with hard smooth muscles showing through the skin.

Our pumped up cocks rubbed against each other's bellies as we embraced warmly. My tongue probed his open mouth around his teeth, under his hot soft tongue, and down the top of his tongue towards his throat as far as I could go.

"Why don't we get comfortable in my bed?"

As I lay down, he punched his cassette deck to play music loud enough to muffle our sounds.

He lay down in the opposite direction to me and started licking the underside of my dick, slowly, top to bottom and back again. The head of his prick pulsated. I lapped at his shiny, smooth hard shaft. The veins running about on his rod were fully engorged like jungle vines wrapped around huge trunks of Banyan trees.

Savoring every inch, I swallowed his meat. He sucked my nuts one by one and then together. How he managed both of those things in his mouth at once I'll never know. I can't remember anyone else doing that to me before or since I sucked his cock harder now. My nose burrowed into his thick hair. I smelled his day's sweat. This was a real man. My hands played with his taut balls. The rhythm of his breathing noisily

accelerated and mine followed his pacing, like two front runners neck and neck running down the final stretch. My mouth rode his rod from tip to stern faster and faster. His hips plunged it deeper into my throat. He buried his prick so deeply in me I felt he had become part of me. He sucked fast. His big legs heaved his dick deeper into my throat. A gargantuan load of cum exploded from with me. I came. He came. We floated in space.

We lay steamy, tangled and motionless. For the next hour we hugged and snuggled in the jungle night. Then I went back and crashed in my rack. The next day I flew back to my home camp. On the evening of that next day, mortars hit various fortifications around Ban Me Thuot. This exciting and silent man was on duty. He was killed. I had received the last load of cum he would ever deliver in this life.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

My tour of Nam ended with a sexual initiation.

My stateside flight left at 1:45 pm. I had finished all my work at the office. I slipped on my trunks and headed to the beach for one last walk along the shores. A familiar looking lanky fellow sat on one of the pill boxes. I could quite place him. I approached him, and being a short-timer with nothing to lose I asked a blatant question.

"You horny?"

"You guessed." His strange brown eyes were wide open. He looked ready for anything. The war situation did that to guys. Made 'em think and do stuff they never thought of back in Kansas. (And nobody lives in Kansas anymore!) "I bunk just a short walk from here. I need to get my rocks off. Let's go have some fun together."

We trudged through the scrub brush without talking. Once in my locked room he hugged and caressed me almost viciously like a submarine sailor who hadn't had sex in months. His lips were large and his tongue moist. He was definitely a tit-man.

"Lower," I commanded, "suck my cock, man."

He pulled my trunks down around my knees and started to please me no end, sucking my whole cock.

When he paused, I gave him another order. "Take off your trunks and get your ass in bed."

He flopped obedient into my rack, flat on his back. I took off my trunks and sat on top of him massaging his muscles. His skin was hard and smooth. I reached for the baby oil and worked it into the skin as I massaged his young body from shoulders to calves. Teasing, I avoided his cock and balls.

"Roll over," I said.

I poured some oil in the crack between his buns. His head turned sideways towards me.

"I've never been fucked before. Only blow jobs."

I liked him saying *before*. He sensed what I had in mind. The thought of a virgin excited me. I pushed the oil into the tight ass with my index finger and tried to talk him home. "It'll be easy. Just let me know if you hurt."

He tensed. I talked. He tensed more. I tried another tactic. Some friendly persuasion. I spanked his ass smartly. "Relax!" Now my cock smoothed into his butt. At the base of my cock his asshole clasped so tightly it was like a cockring holding the enraged blood in my prick.

I moved my entire cock in and out, slowly at first, then faster as he loosened up. He groaned with pleasure, saying "Oh yeah!" A lot!

I pulled his ass up in the air so his weight was on his knees. I started jerking him off, but then moved one of his hands there so he could do it himself. His ass was so sweet and cunny I wanted to concentrate my efforts on satisfying my cock deep inside him.

We worked up heavy.

Just as I knew I could hold it no longer, he came! First a large load, then a long, languid series of pumping squirts. As I climaxed, someone knocked on my door.

"Yeah?" I managed to say.

"You ready?" It was my co-worker who was going to take me to the airport.

"Give me ten minutes. Okay?" I held my friend quiet.

"Sure, I want to dump and wash my face anyway." His footsteps retreated on the boardwalk. I pulled my cock out of my buddy's ass and slapped his rear a few times. He closed his butt tight as new. He was a natural.

Vietnam was over.

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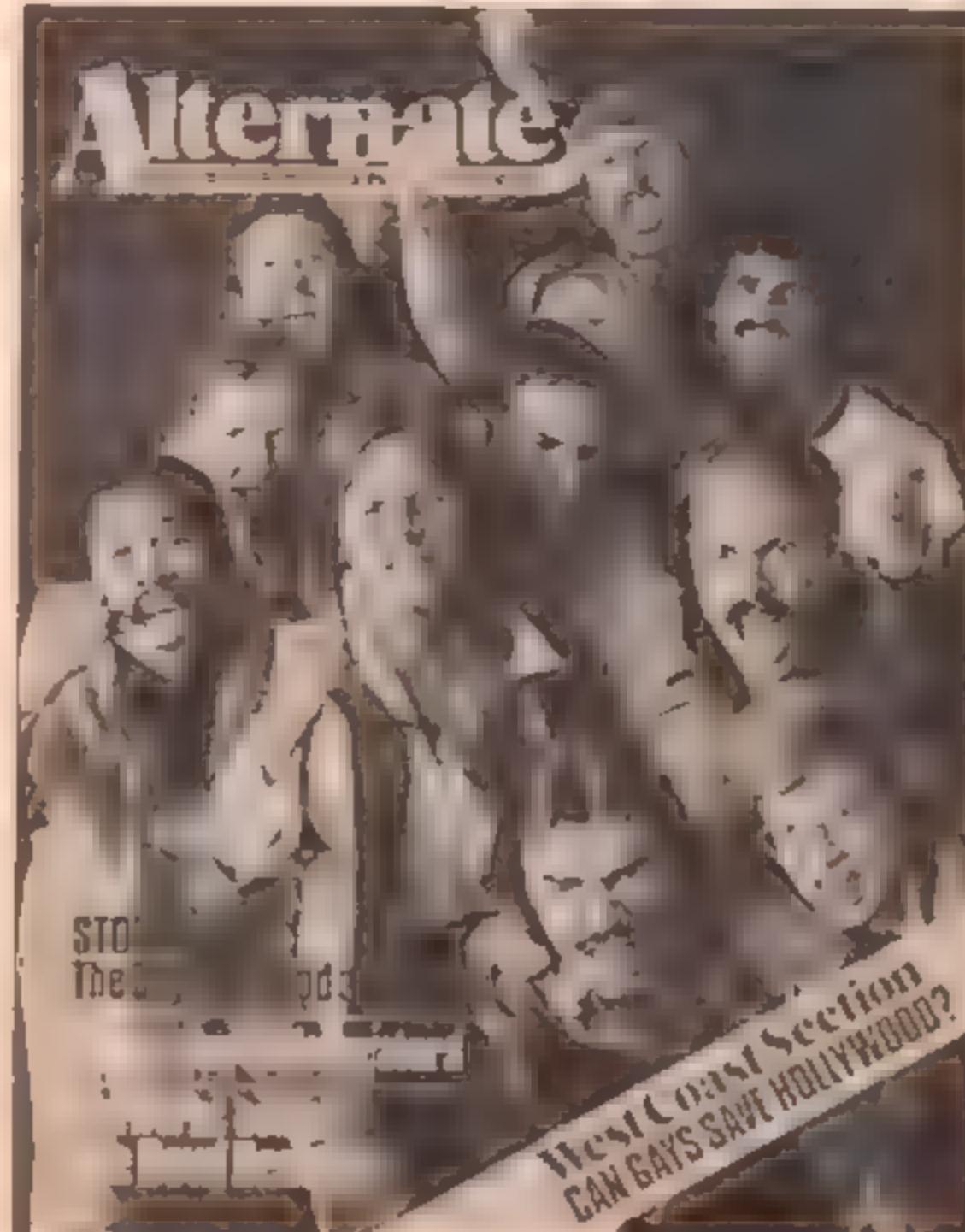
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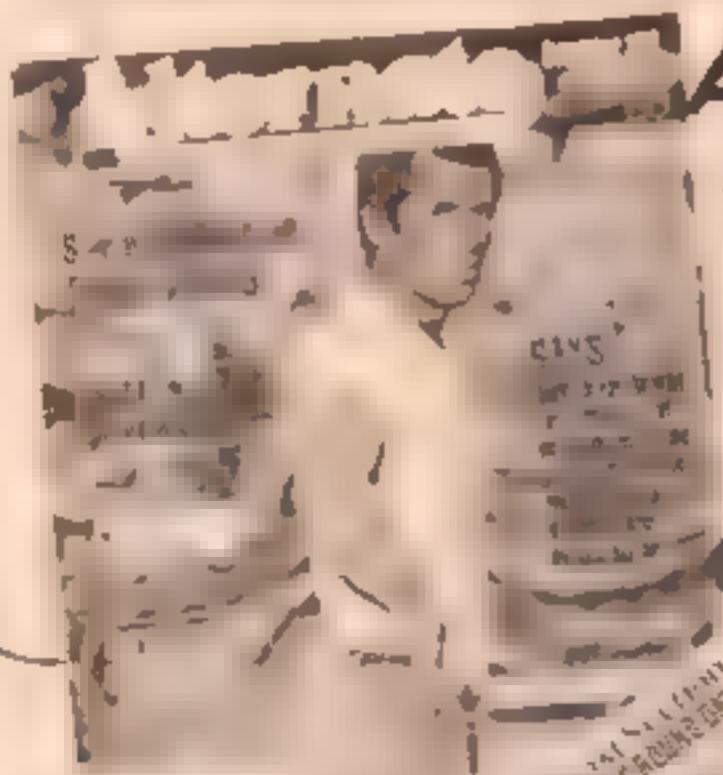
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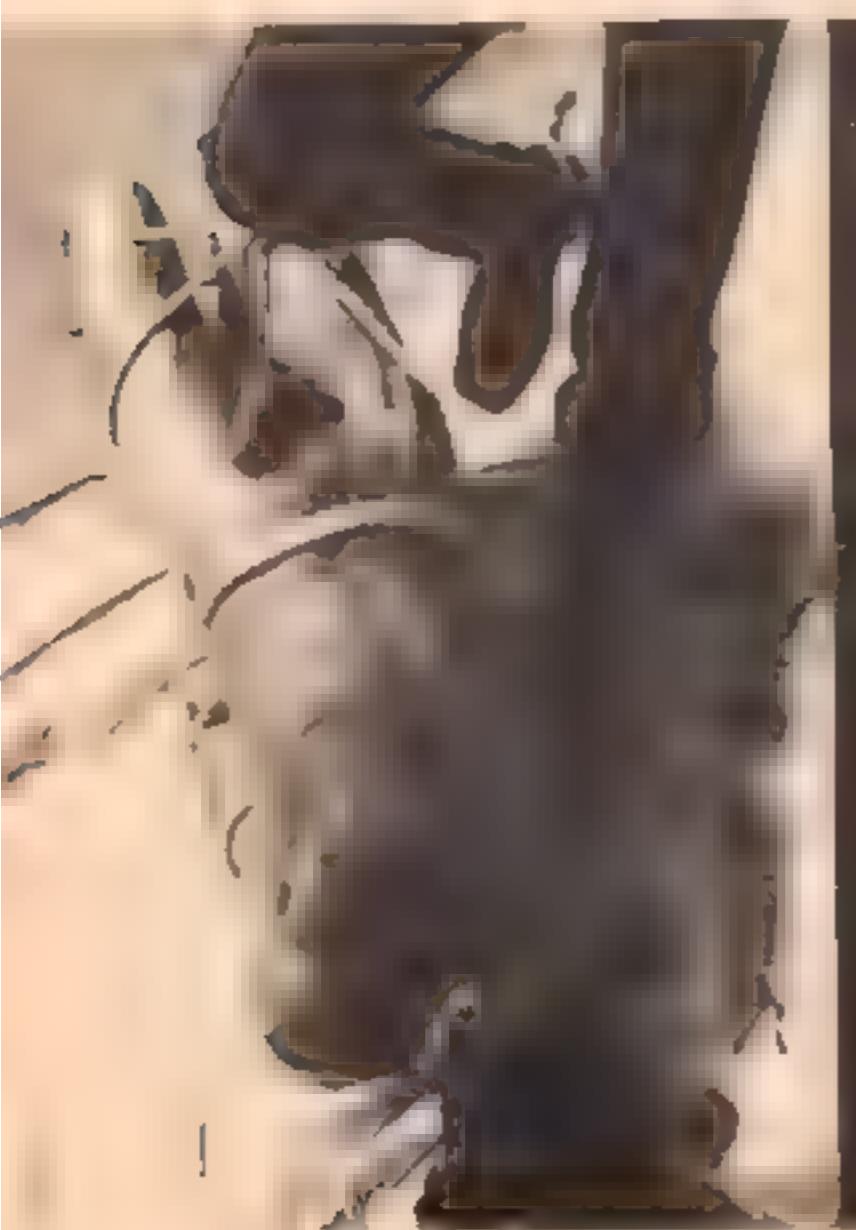
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THE ART
OF OLAF



I was born and raised in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, which is a nice place to be born and raised. My father was a banker and my mother was an early women's liberationist. Our family was somewhere between "Life with Father," and an Ibsen play, "The Doll's House."

I've drawn and painted since I was in kindergarten, but my first love was the theatre. I first acted, then directed, wrote and taught theatre.

I received my B.A. from Carroll College with two majors in English and Theatre. I briefly attended Harvard Divinity School until I discovered limits to my own divinity. I returned to studies in theatre in Hawaii, where I completed a MFA in playwriting for the Japanese NO theatre under the auspices of a grant from the U.S. State Dept.'s Center for Cultural & Technical Interchange between the East and West. (Among my friends and fellow students were Bette Midler and Beau Bridges.) As part of that grant, I spent six months in Japan deeply involved in the NO and Kabuki theatres. During that period, I met such persons as Yukio Mishima and many of Japan's greatest classical actors. Mishima, especially, made a strong cultural and sexual impression on me.

In 1965-66, I taught at a small college in Colorado and directed the theatre program, where my NO production of "Oedipus Rex" became my first critically acclaimed play. I

ended my one year of teaching with a nervous breakdown.

I recovered to manage a U.S. senate campaign in Colorado and began to actively oppose the war in Viet Nam. I moved then (1966) to San Francisco and became an early Haight-Ashbury hippy, gave up the theatre and began to become an artist.

In 1969 I returned to Wisconsin to begin six years living alone in the woods and countryside. I concentrated on developing techniques of pencil drawing, a process which still obsesses me. I also began the long, hard process of coming out of all my closets. In the meantime I worked with the now defunct OUT magazine in New York (put out by the people who brought you gay liberation at Stonewall and afterward) and, later, RFD, a magazine for country collectivist faggots.

In 1975 I met Matthew, my lover, in Minneapolis. We have since lived there and here in San Francisco.

I spend most of my time drawing South of Market fantasies and, occasionally, writing a play or poem.

I am a Sagittarian, a Buddhist, balding, slightly agoraphobic, self-consciously overweight, and generally, content and happy.

I am a voyeur. Perhaps all artists are voyeurs — I like men, I like the South of Market scene, I like to work, and I like to see my work shared with others. I feel divine now.

OLAF ODEGAARD









HOLLYWOOD, MS. Gemini 30, 6'1", 155. White. Limited experience. Seeks imaginative, trustworthy, masculine Master to 40 to expand limits. Into submission, not humiliation. Bondage, toys, tilt-work, enemas. Possible shaving, piercing, W/S. No fats, fems, scat, FF, heavy pain. Box CA-161

TAYLOR OF S.F. CUSTOM LEATHER AND TOYS. FOR CATALOG, SEND \$2, REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER, TO T.S.F., 1800 MARKET, NO.D126, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

SM, CANCER, 37, 5'10", 154, white, 6'6". A good-looking novice eager to meet very muscular guys to 35. Into exhibition and body shaving (leather way). Accepts limitations. No fats. Slender, well-muscled guys preferred. Box CA-304

GREENWOOD, M, Cancer, 22, 6', 150, white, 7", good ass. Into straps, paddles, T/T, loves to be screwed by well-hung stud. Visits Chicago frequently. No scat, W/S, blood. Box CA-306.

SLAVES WANTED Send \$1 for info on newest international S&M club to: Our World Enterprises, 508 Greenwood, Evanston, IL 60201

BOULDER S, Taurus, 35, 5'10", 150, white, 6'5". Seeks slim M for service, bondage, O/L/MS leather, levis. Limits respected. Box CA 301

M, 27, 5'11", 168, white, 7", seeks trim super hung black or white top man to fuck me. W/S, rimming, smoke, aroma OK. Teach me more. Regular action for tight stud over 40. The bigger your tool, the better. I dig it in cars, outdoors or ? Photo/phone. No fats/guts. Box CA 308.

MASTERS WANTED Send \$1 for info on newest International S&M club to: Our World Enterprises, 508 Greenwood, Evanston, IL 60201.

N CALIF. Strong, husky, white M, 47, 5'9", 175, bearded, uncut, seeks strong white S with fire-out ideas and lots of enthusiasm into heavy dungeon scenes. Naked, booted guard who drinks, smokes, enjoys inflicting punishment without mercy. Rough fuck, FF, W/S, whips, irons, ashtray, CBT piercing, catheters, nut stretch. No limits. S names it, M is forced to take it. Prefer big, husky, dirty-talking, ex-military police type with isolated cabin where he can spend a drunken night or weekend doing as he pleases. Box CA 302

CHICAGO, M Taurus, 36, 6'2", 190 lbs. White B+. Knowledgeable slave. Hot, good-looking, dedicated, honest, blond bodybuilder seeks permanent relationship only of slave training with hot, muscular, attractive, leather/levi Master, mid 20s to mid-30s, ready to settle down. Will relocate. No limits and no role-switching. No fats, drunks, J/O writers. P.O. Box 2305, Chicago, IL 60690

TEN DOLLARS WILL BUY YOU ONE OF my photographs in my genuine jockeys, along with the stained shorts, soiled to your specifications. Photo alone worth the price. P.O. Box 4832, Main P.O., San Francisco, CA 94103

BAREASS FREAKY RAUNCH: Into sloppy sucking, beer-piss, messy food, spanking, tilt play, scatological scenes. Mature leatherman, masculine, stocky build, tattooed, Aquarian. Jock-exchange, correspondence welcome. Box 751, New York City 10022

PHOTO CUM SERVICE My thick stud cum on your pics. Returned wet in plastic. \$5 handling, each shot. Box CA-318

MASTER WANTS SLAVE UNDER 25 Submit photo, info. Marty, Box CA 321

PAIN AND PLEASURE

STEVE —
Box CA 336

THE STORY OF O'II! Sold into slavery as a boy, his manhood was spent as a slave!!! This incredible book is a brand new, rewritten, re-edited, magnificently illustrated limited edition, 8½" x 11" on heavy book stock. Slip cover with all original illustrations by Olaf. Written by the incomparable ROBERT PAYNE. Low \$7.95 price increases soon, so rush your order. The Emporium, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90029

EXPERIENCED BOTTOM MAN, 6'2", 160, black hair, needs to be stripped, strapped, stretched and spread by slim, hairy, top man over 30 years old who is an imaginative, dominant disciplinarian for bizarre body and head sessions. Bottom man travels extensively throughout Florida, Georgia, Southern Virginia. Box CA-318

JOB OFFER. White, live-in servant wanted by SANE, ultra-straight, white professional (38, 6'1", 190 lbs.) Must be presentable to the real world and welcome CONSTRUCTIVE authority. No heavy scenes! Prefer serious college student (will consider relocating right person). Send letter detailing expectations with photo (returned) to Box 36847, Los Angeles, CA 90008

BODYBUILDER, CONTEST-TYPE BUILD, 29, 5'9", 198 lbs. seeks other big muscle studs who are into S&M Exchange photos. Box CA 152

NY 42, 6', 155, seeks slaves 30-45 and Army uniformed Masters over 45 with rural homes in Peekskill or Poughkeepsie area or nearby southwest Connecticut. No drugs, drunks, marrieds. Box CA-110

CHICAGO, WESTERN SUBURBS M, 37, 5'8", 148, white. Born slave with eager mouth to kneel, adore and serve booted Master who will dominate and humiliate. No selfish, uncaring, unfeeling. I have much to give. Box CA-300.

DALLAS AREA BAD BOY W/M 25 wants to receive corporal punishment with high school type wooden paddle, cane, strap or whip from other W/Ms to 30. Also will correspond with all on the subject. Box 45725 Dallas, TX 75245

DIRTY DRAWERS soiled, fouled, stinking for your pleasure! Men's jockey shorts or ladies' bikinis dirtied to delight you! Please specify your choice of sex, soil. \$5.00 includes handling. Box CA-319. Can also supply animal excrement-filled pants

HOT, EXPERIENCED, INSATIABLE bottom with masculine good looks wants masculine well-endowed top with endurance LA area into anything/everything but scat. Please, no bottoms "playing" top. Box CA-309

MT. VERNON, SM Virgo 35 6'3", 165 White. Novice Sensitive. Will rim — give/take fuck, give/not take piss, sucks big stud with hairy chest, hairy ass, size not important. No farts, fats, give/not take FF. Seek continual relationship. Beards preferred. Box CA 116

G/L, W/M (40s) pledges face, mouth, tongue to keep slim, white boys' toes and big head clean. Sir! Box 18, Brooklyn, NY 11230

LOS ANGELES SUMO WRESTLER TYPE bottom-man would like construction logger boot discipline/training sessions. Box CA-305

BODYBUILDERS — Pump your muscles in my weight room. Chicago (312) 935-5283

FANTASY TRIPPING? Describe your fantasy in 25 words or less, receive a 250-word personalized story, custom-written to your fantasy by a world-famous S&M author. Just \$6.00 covers creativity and handling. Please state age, send SASE to Box CA-320

NEW YORK M Cancer, 34, 6', 160 lbs., white good-looking, will service dominant but gentle police and genuine rugged studs. No drugs, phonies, freaks. Discretion assured and expected. Box CA-317

AUSTRALIAN MASTER, 33, wishes worldwide correspondence and to receive photos from bikers, cowboys, bodybuilders — Ms or Ss (if tattooed, great!) — into whipping, bondage, F/F, W/S, enemas, scat, T/T and humiliation. Also into Levi's, Leather, uniforms, chaps, all types of boots, etc. Let yourself go and be frank and dirty when replying by air mail. Box CA 327

SHAVEN HEADS TURN ME ON! W/M, 30, 5'11", bearded, hairy body, seeks good-looking masculine guys 25-40 with shaven heads. Enjoy light S&M and smoke-erotic. No fats, fems or abusive situations. Photos get same. Serious replies only. Box CA-341.

BEARDED LEATHERMAN SEEKS SAME IN Montreal area. Also visits New York frequently into most scenes. 28, 5'8", 145 lbs., hirsute. Photo appreciated. 4587 Jeanne Mance, Montreal, Quebec.

YOUNG SLIM SLAVE UNDER 26 SOUGHT by handsome, level-headed Master, 40, for B&D, humiliation, obedience training. No beards or bushy hair. Correspondence welcome. Call possible. Send ph to E.M. Cleannon, 315 Wayne Pl., Apt. 108, Oakland CA 94006

TATTOOS. If you have several tattoos and are into other tattooed men, send photo showing your tattoos. Am 32, 5'7", 130 lbs. Any age, race OK. Live in New York, but can travel anywhere. JRB, 157 E. 3rd St., NYC 10009.

DOMINANT, AGGRESSIVE MASTER WANTED to control attractive 35, 5'8", 155 lb. slave into submission, bondage, W/S and ...? Box 335, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 10016

4H-Handsome, hot, humpy, horny, W/M, 34, 5'10", 140, dark moustache, like to hear from same. Into well-endowed dudes, most scenes, want to try others. Chopper, Box 20177, Detroit, Michigan 48220

MENLO PARK SM, Cancer, 5'7", 140, white, 7". Bondage Master ropes slim guys. Sensuous — p. Limits respected. Orientals welcome. Box 921, Menlo Park, CA 94026

YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING BOTTOM MAN, 25, looking for heavy S&M scenes with experienced tops. Into bondage, heavy tilt, cock and ball work, hot wax, catheters, menthol, jockstraps and lots of piss drinking. Really turn on to forced domination punk-types, police and military. Interrogation. Detailed letter and photo to Box 4776, San Francisco, CA 94101

HEY, PACIFIC NORTHWEST!! M, Aquarius, 27, cute, tan, 5'7" and 8" with a 9D, wide shoulders, slim ass covered with blond curly hair (except smooth unscarred back) waiting for BOOTS, fucking, leather and domination — no blood or shaving. Will travel. Box CA-114.

DISABLED GAYS meet Tuesday evenings, Doppleganger, 7636 Tampa, Reseda.



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ENGLISH SLAVE. 27 years, 6', moustachioed, needs straight-type experienced leather/denim/rubber Master age 30-40 to obey. Visit USA often and need men with ideas and action to fully service me. Cowboys, Levi men, boot men and leather men of particular interest. Include air mail postage. Box CA-351

MT. VERNON SM. Virgo. 35. 6'3". 165. White. Novice. Sensitive. Will rim, give/take fuck, give/not take piss. Seeks big stud w/ hairy chest, hairy ass, size not important. No fms, fats, give/not take FF. Seek continual relationship. Beards preferred. Box 116.

DOMINANT, AGGRESSIVE MASTER wants slave to 45. Your ass must require whipping. You must need to suck my big, hairy balls and my asshole. If you need discipline, B&D and fantasy/plain by a 39, 6'2", butch Master, write Box CA-324

VERY PERSONAL LETTERS Correspond with young blond satyr who's hunky, hot and hung, but most of all, eager to please. No mimeographed trash. This butch hellion is livel To start this very special continual correspondence, just send \$5 to Kyle, Box 50336, Washington, D.C. 20004 (1742 G St.). I can do it for you!

CENTRAL INDIANA — 34, W/M, 155 lbs., accepting applications from hot butts eager to raise ass to Master for leather and cock warm-up. Box CA-154.

J/O YOUR GAME? JOIN US! Our Club is a group of good-looking young guys (18-40) who are into J/O. Send us your photo and a SASE for details. Get into something good! P.O. Box 534, White Plains, NY 10602

KEY WEST PARTNERS eager to put out welcome mat/sling for FF, TT brothers. Hurricane Alley, Box 552, Key West, FL 33040, (305) 296-8816

BUTCH TIT SCENES. Hot bodybuilder, 30, seeks muscular types into tits. Good body a must. Box CA-350

DIG PIERCING? Get the PFI Quarterly, the piercing fan's newsletter. \$8 a year (\$10 foreign) brings you 4 issues of art, articles and ads PLUS your own FREE listing. Subscribe now from: GAUNTLET ENT., Box 3950, Dept. 12, Beverly Hills, CA 90212 (850 N. San Vicente, LA 90069).

WASH DC SCAT/PISS. You are 6' plus, hung 8" plus, leather. I am 5'9", 7%", 42c, 32w & want to eat hard & drink. Put my dinner up the chute & make me eat. T.B., Box 11004, Wash DC 20008

TITS, J/O MASCULINE GOOD LOOKS into long J/O scenes with heavy tit work. If your tits turn you on and you are well hung write P.O. Box 7185 North End Station, Detroit, Mich 48002

DETROIT 3/D 48 — 5'8" — 162 lbs. W/M Masc. Experienced. Lots of toys. Prefer you U/40. No fats, fms. Into: heavy bondage, grats, poppers, jocks, loin cloths, leather tights, levis, rubber, enemas, FF, dildoes, sky diva. No piss or scat. Can go either way. Send photo. Bob McTaggart, 17332 Bentler, Apt. 304, Detroit, Mich. 48219.

PECS O'TOOLE — REPORT TO THE D.J. 278 — 11th St. at Folsom, S.F., CA 94103. On the double!! The cell is waiting!

THE GAY RECEIVER — penpal club exclusively for gays. Make friends nearby or far away. \$2.00. Alan Tuck Associates, POB 1532-D, Union, NJ 07083

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 40, W/M, requires slave any age — total body slave and take domination, humiliation. Have own equipment for hot, heavy scenes. Come serve your strict Master! B/D, W/S, FF, etc. If interested, write Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068, (412) 274-8354

BOULDER: S. TAURUS, 36, 6'9", 148, White, 6%", into leather, levis, back packing. Box COP110.

THE CAGE AND CHAIR IN ISSUE 17 are my idea of how a slave should be trained. Unfortunately I have never met anyone with equipment to do it. I am badly in need of caging, bondage & humiliation so that I can become a real slave and not just be playing the part for a night. Live in New York, but get to coast and Chicago at least once a year. Jack (212) 858-6014

I NEED W/S — give or get — call anytime, day or night, until you reach me. Jay, 6'3", 36 years old, blond, hot, horny. (213) 876-6137.

UP THE ASS IS A GAS! FIST FUCKING SLING made of finest leather to hang you high! Only \$35.00 plus 10% shipping and 6% tax for California residents. Send an extra two bucks for our catalogue of finest leather merchandise. Please state 21 or over. The Cellar, 256 S Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211.

Vacancy. One Master. Two slaves. Western Canada. (604) 921-7721. Anytime

FACE SITTERS/STUDENT (23) ADDICTED asslicker, wants herd, raunchy men (esp bearded) who love their asses and want them worshipped. Sit your big, beautiful ass on my face and let me please you. url G.L. McKinney, Apt. 1004, 4500 Jane St., Downsview, Ontario, Canada M3N 2K6

NEW YORK. M. Libra. Late 50s. 6'3". 180 White. 5'. White-haired man of distinction type will serve virile male, any age or race, who has fantasies of beating Daddy's ass, fucking the professor who failed him in French, pissng into his priest or making his boss suck his asshole. Have poppers, toys, dog collar. Box 290X

JOCKS FOR SALE. Hot, hairy, leather stud has some choice, ripe jockstrap for your collection. All are well broken-in, and have been thru many heavy scenes. All are in good condition. Perfect for mouth gags. Sent in heavy insulated envelope. \$5 each. P.P., P.O. Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101

SAGINAW, MICH. CANCER. M. 48. 6'. 158 lbs. White. 8". Sexy, wealthy. Needs discipline and bondage. Can relocate. Box CA-400

HUSKY HUNK, 45, 6'3", 225, HEALTHY, virile, versatile, experienced, has Honda 750 into Levis, sex and clean life. Looking for other mature hunks. Object, sex and fun. Possible one-on-one or buddy. No S&M, dope, teenagers. Will answer photo replies only. Box CA-160

A WAY-OUT SCENES 4 YOU? Can't find Mr X for your thing? He doesn't exist if he isn't in our mag! Three years' experience finding Mr. X for B&D, S&M, W/S, scat, leather, rubber, phone freaks, J/O stories, pix. Free ads for members. Sample copy: \$1, refundable if you join. Send large SASE. Over 21. D&W, 192 Park Ave., Box 292-MM, E.Rutherford, NJ 07073.

BOOT MAN. Digs them high and tough with total Black Leathers. Fetishist seeks true fetishists, masculine men driven by Boots and Leathers. No drugs or S&M. E. Pa. Box CA-125

EROTIC CLASSICAL MALE NUDE STATURE. Handcast, kiln-fired. Free info.: FEATS OF CLAY, 1555 Magazine St., Dept. D, New Orleans, LA 70130

NOVICE M SEEKS MASTER Sexy, attractive Scorpio, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., wants hot, attractive, dominant to break me into B&D submission. Levis, boots, other scenes. Have wild imagination . . . do you? Phone, photo to Post Office Box 5252, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARDS. NJ, NYC, Eastern PA Body builders, musclemen, leathermen and slaves. Legitimate, discreet photographer will photograph you, for your use only, in privacy of your place or mine. Write with phone number for details to Box CA-311.

ASIAN, mid-20s, nice-looking, slim build, interested in light S&M. Seeks Caucasian Master near own age. Must be Greek active, have nice build. For more details, send photo and phone number to P.O. Box 22284, San Francisco, CA 94122

WANTED — SLAVE into humiliation and related subjects. Must be discreet W/M with hairy body, no hang-ups. Only letters with photo answered. Pacific NW area. Box CA-312.

NEW ORLEANS. Slim, attractive, 24-year-old W/M, new to bondage, seeks firm, imaginative but understanding Master. Write JPR, P.O. Box 2682, New Orleans, LA 70176.

O.C. HUNG W/M, 26, wants to receive Greek, FF, enemas, animals. Box CA-313.

OKLAHOMA CITY — 31, white, 155 lbs Novice slave seeks complete domination by hunky, masculine, hairy-chested Master to 45. Teach me humiliation, begging, pissing, ass-licking, handcuffing, to serve. Photos. LDP, 117 SW 74th, No F, OKC, OK 73139.

FT. LAUDERDALE. Levi, leather, knowledgeable. Two white (31 and 41). No fms, fats, scat, blacks, blood, heavy drugs. Box CA-314

BOSTON. M, Leo, 40, 5'7", 150. Novice Eager to learn from and serve selfish, arrogant Master who will accept limitations. Box CA-315.

J/O — TITS — Visual trips — touch J/O — Tits. Narcissistic men send photo and info to Box 7185, Northend Station, Detroit, MI 48208

MASCULINE SEX-SLAVE, French active (rimming expert), Greek passive, nipples, craves servicing, horny, rugged Masters, couples, groups. Prefer hunky, hairy, musculars. (212) 684-3582

BLACK MASTER NEEDED by W/M, 39, blond, bearded. Heavy B&D, C&B, oil, mirrors. No FF, scat. Relationship possible. Memphis Box CA-307

NARCISSIST BODYFREAK wants heavy tongue service from stoned slaves or other Masters. Into mirror trips, heavy W/S, kinks. Must be hardbodied like me, 22-45. Am good-looking, 36, 5'9%", 155. Write with photo. Box CA 303

HAIRY CHEST VARIETIES illustrated in hirsute appreciation study. \$1 plus stamp. C. Kraut, Box 570, Harrisburg, PA 17108 (23 S 2nd St.) Use box number.

NYC CUTE, INTELLIGENT, EXPERIENCED, M, 26, 5'9", 135 lbs. seeks friendly S 25-40 to administer catheter and other C/B, etc. Torture. Also like long scenes with masks, W/S, B&D. Box CA-131.

18" IMPORTED GERMAN military police boots. Direct from Importer. All black leather with square toe. Sizes 8-11. \$110. California residents, \$116.50. Days: (415) 982-8817, evenings: (415) 282-6593. North American Marketing, 1404 Noe, San Francisco 94131.

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HIDDEN MOVIE CAMERA USED IN A MAJOR COLLEGE LOCKERROOM! \$19 - SEE HUNKY JOCKS SHOWER, TAKE LEAKS, UNDRESS - WAS DANGEROUS TO FILM OTHER HOT FILMS IN S8 COLOR 55' ARE "NUDE SURFERS," \$19. "WATERPOLO JOCKS," \$25; "NUDE BEACHES," \$25, ETC. ORDER FROM BARON FRESIN, 12311 DOROTHY, LOS ANGELES, CA 90049 MORE INFO, \$1 SIGN IF 21!

MEET GAY MEN NATIONWIDE through "Goldenrod." Personal ads placed by gays and bis with their wild photos. Many addresses. Catering to all your kinky ideas. Latest 64-page issue, \$5 to Goldenrod, 152 West St., Room 41B-D, New York, NY 10036.

DETROIT. B/D, 48, 5'8", 160, W/M. Experienced, knowledgeable. Lots of toys. Heavy, pro angled boner. Prefer J 40. No fats/fems/scat, pls. Like: grass, poppers, jock straps, loincloths, tights, leather, denim, rubber, enemas, sky-diving. Can go either role. Can you? Bob McTaggart, 17332 Bentler, Apt 304, Detroit, Mich 48219.

WATER FUN! Dildoes, Leather, Enemas, Rubber Pants, Rubber Sheets!! WATERCAN correspondence club for liquid gold and enema fun. Catalogue and info, \$2.00 A/e and signature required. The Cellar, 256 S Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211

NY, Westchester, Putnam, NW Conn. 24, 8', 150, masc. inexperienced. Wants bear drinking ex-military/police type who will kick ass, toilet/urinal train, torment, humiliate and strip this boy of his human rights. Box NYS112

NEW YORK. S. Capricorn, 27, 6', 180, White, 8%", muscular biker (Harley) seeks others into big motorcycles and studs who ride them. Have lots of leather boots. Dig being serviced by leather-loving boot slaves. All trips. Also went to hear from other Harley men. Pix exchanged. Box CA-355.

TURNED ON by wet-look suits? Brief briefs? Slim swimwear? Stud mugs? Litho nude prints? Aromas? Magazines? Leather? If it gets you off, we've got it! Send a buck for our latest catalogue. The Emporium, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California 90029. Please state 21 or over.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 40, W/M, requires slaves any age - total body slave and take domination, humiliation. Have own equipment for hot, heavy scenes. Come serve your strict Master! B/D, W/S, F/F, etc. If interested, write: Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068 (412) 274-8354.

SAN FRANCISCO and BAY AREA. M. Sagittarius, 46, 5'10", 165, White, 8", Tight ass. Novice. Wants to be totally possessed and dominated by aggressive, affectionate, husky, muscular, well-endowed Master to 50. Greek passive, French active. Love prolonged ass fucking. Box CA-356

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER. LARRY, Box 348, Wayzata, MN 55391, (612) 473-4904.

CHICAGO AREA. Hot action wanted. W/M, 6', 160, looking for all types of action, especially Greek and B&D. Also outdoor, group and public scenes. Send photo and phone to Box CA-333

"TIT SUCTION CUPS" — The ultimate in titillation! Sucks them up and out with steady pressure. Leaves hands and mouth free for other duties. One size fits all. Packed in their own leather case, \$7.95. Jeffrey Roth, 663 Fifth Ave., Dept. D, New York, NY 10022.

ADOPT ME AS YOUR UNCLE GEORGE to suck and lick your ass, dick and nuts. Use my face as a bike seat or saddle. All races, s/m, muscular, bodybuilders, students, military, uniforms, truckers invited. Into jack-off and dirty talk. Call Uncle George in St. Louis, (314) 621-0140, or write Box CA-335.

YOUNG MASTER, 26, muscular build, endowed, into B&D, S&M, related scenes, traveling to San Francisco in June. Likes respected. No fats, fems, or over 39. Box AZF110.

HOT, EXPERIENCED, INSATIABLE bottom with masculine good looks wants masculine, well-endowed top with endurance. LA area. Into anything/everything but scat. Please, no bottoms "playing" top. Box CA-309

CHICAGO/NORTHERN SUBURBS. Turned on by flogging? Me, too! Personable W/M collector wants stories, photos, cassettes and other material concerning flogging and whipping. Will swap same. Also need topman for hot Greek action. Let's hear from you NOW! Ad vice items available Box CA 352

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DIG SHAVING? I'm an M but a wild one, who turns on to all kinds and places for shaving. The feel of the razor zapping across my skin and removing my fur to leave me naked and bare and ready to serve. Am 36, 5'8", travel frequently. Skar. JB 201.

I'm 39, 5'10", 155, with a well-defined and muscular swimmer's body. I dig suspension by my heels, or by a complete body harness. Mild to medium-heavy whipping with riding crop or wide belt. I will serve you if you will hang me. Julian, JB 202.

SCAT LOVER. Love it from the source, wet and wild, full or not. Let my tongue explore your chutes, and worship you from outside-in. Like smoke, poppers, booze. Young 30's. 180 lbs, 5'11". JB-203

I COULD DIG A LEATHER MAN in top quality leather, with leather jacket, leather chaps with cod piece, leather boots, looking leather and feeling leather. I'd like to undress him and find a set of panties on him like the cunt he is. When I go out with him, I want him a man, and when I come home with him, I want him a woman. Write Jocko C. JB-204.

NOVICE IN BONDAGE is sick of tying himself up. Want a good top man to tie me spread eagle and wrap me up good. Have fantasized on cock and ball bondage and cross-hatching bondage, and mummification. Please help me, and let me know I can trust you. I'm afraid, but am sick of reading magazines and not living. Am 26, 6'1", smooth, and considered good-looking. Please send photo and address to Robert, JB-205.

TIT WORK IN PHOENIX! Nip them, eat them, clip them, pull on them, and I'll do the same to you! JB-212.

TOILET SLAVE seeks insolent Master for
heavy scat, w/s scenes. 29, hung, uncut, hairy
bright tedybear. Also Gr. etc. Box 26132
San Jose, CA 95159

HAIRY APES!! Let me lick your bushy body with my sloppy, wet tongue. Am white, 26, 5'8", 145, blue eyes, brown hair. Any age welcome. Phil P., Box 91522, Cleveland OH 44101

NEW YORK CITY - Attractive black male, 33, 155 lbs., 6', intelligent, sincere, masculine - interested in meeting new friends. White and Latin-types welcome. Have many interests and am well-established. Honesty and discretion assured. Please send photo. Box 294, Cornelius Station, Bronx, NY 10473



- JOHN-JOHN This super-hot man has all the intensity of a man who has witnessed a dozen murders. But the tape is warm and sensual, and as he says again and again, he only wants others how much he would rather that they never know. It's a super special tape made by a San Francisco biker. If it's not the best, I believe me when I say you like it. This is one of the best and the most intense tapes we have when it comes to gettin' off good. He's very hot and the tape is made you come [the tape does not deal with any situations involving bikerism]
 - FOX & PETER. This is a tape about a man who can give and take and he loves sex. However, it's not just sex, it's mutual love, playboy surfer and a biker. In this tape, the sports an on the slope you will hear a lot about him gettin' it on with others. → Fox delivers
 - PETER. Now, and truly, Peter is a biker with the future wife, han you know and made a tape and much more for us. His tape is one of surprising intensity, since outside of the bedroom he's pretty quiet. Still waters run deep in this case. All three of these guys get off with you, but Peter will really make your blood run fast and shoot you away. Hot is the word.
 - FOX & PETER. These two biker boys are both courageous to make a duo. And it's full of their love and affection for each other, as well as very hot mutual sex, a lot of playfulness, and the few minutes in between are filled with bantering back and forth about tricks they've shared.
 - HAVE IT THEIR WAY. All three of the Mustestuds get together with a not-too-innocent "john", and proceed to take control as they navigate him around the world. This tape has some light S&M, piss and spit, mucho sucking and fucking, and constant heavy verbal trapping as they have their own way with him. John-John, Fox and Peter make a fantastic team. . . Interested??? After listening to this tape I expect I'll be seeing you over summer vacation. Some who have previewed this tape feel it is our most exceptional offering ever. Find out for yourself.
 - CORPORAL IN CHARGE OF TAKING CARE OF CAPTAIN O'MALLEY U.S.M.C. This is something really special. There are no pictures, and there is plenty of reason for that. Our men in this tape were not just play-acting but reliving some first-hand experience. If you were ever in the service, you may have noticed the pervasive aura of sexuality riding very close to the surface at all times. I was there, so I know. So were Corporal Powell and Captain O'Malley. Sometimes you have to submit to those in authority. Often you want to submit to them with all your heart. This is not an S&M tape. This is a tape of authority. This is military. It is very, very good.
 - HOW TO ORDER: All cassette tapes are 60 minutes, and cost only \$8.50 each, which includes 1st class postage. photo sets include six 5x7B&W photos for \$5.50. color slide sets of five 35mm slides are \$5.50. One day service on all orders. (Ca. residents add appropriate sales tax.) Send your orders to:
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LONELY IN KANSAS CITY KC leatherman, versatile, into medium-heavy S&M, B&D, and some W/S, would like to meet others in my area who could share some time and scenes with me. Gena. JB 207

FT. LAUDERDALE PISS FREAK. Drink and drink and drink some more. Tape my mouth to your source and let me gorge myself. Let me sleep with you and wake up to the morning stream, good and strong. Let me come to the bars with you and watch you drink, then take me to the alley, or the car, and let me get on my knees and quench my thirst. 30, W/M, JB 208

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COWBOY MEN Like brown leather, the smell of horses, the crack in saddles and chaps. Like a man underneath Top or Bottom. Into heavy feeling, touching, kissing. Any kink within reason. Write with photo S CA. JB-210

DIAPERS AND HUMILIATION for the Washington DC men who travels extensively. Am into wetting beds, levis, legs, stools and chairs. Can dig nippled bottles filled with piss from Dad. Am 36, 5'10", 160 lbs. Write Wet Wally. JB 211

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SEEKING DEAF MECHANIC. Met at Park Miles in '72. Spent day at uncle's in New Jersey. Please help. J.K. Lead, Box 210191, Dallas, TX 75211.

WITCH S/M DISCIPLINARION seeks Canadian masculine slave: (604) 921-7721.

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LEATHER MASTER, 40, requires houseboy/slave to live in and serve. Requirements: under 35, under 6', trim muscular build, complete servitude & obedience. Pgh Pa area. Send respectful letter & photo to Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068.

COMING TO SAN FRANCISCO? Attr. msec guy offers crash pad, helping hand, etc. to yng, honest, deserving new arrival or student a/18. Legit. No strings. W/photo only. No fees, drugs, etc. Box 99565, S F., CA 94109

LEVI/LEATHER goodlooking bottom (41 yrs. 6 feet - 160 lbs.) into heavy fucking/FF slings/games. Will travel for hot cock. Jerry G. 113 Orange Hill Ln., Anaheim, CA 92807.

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Five new photo sets to choose from. Five color photos for only \$7. No. 1 "Bobby and the Mirror"; No. 2 "Bobby from the Rear"; No. 3 "Bobby in Bondage"; No. 4 "Hot Buns"; No. 5 "Crotch Watching". Send check or money order to: Act 1 Productions, Box 938, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023 (680 W. End Ave). State over 21. Also available are Bobby's dirty sweat socks for only \$5 a pair. Send today!

TATTOOED? Make contacts in the esoteric tattoo world w/ nice together w/m in 30's who wants to correspond/meet young guys into skin art. J. Fairley, P O. Box 252, Pendleton, SC 29670

WANTED SLAVE - B&D and light S&M. Submit photo, details & phone to: Mark, Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680

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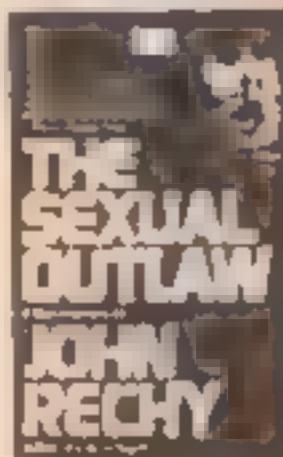
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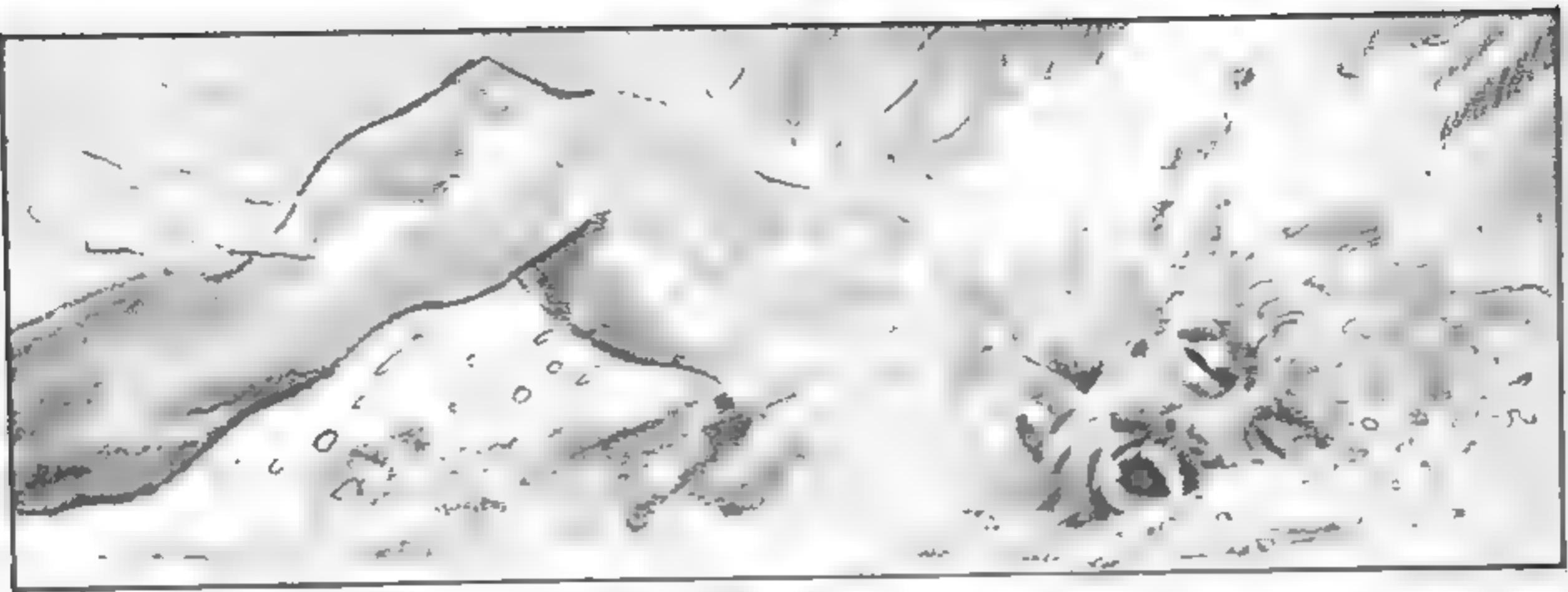


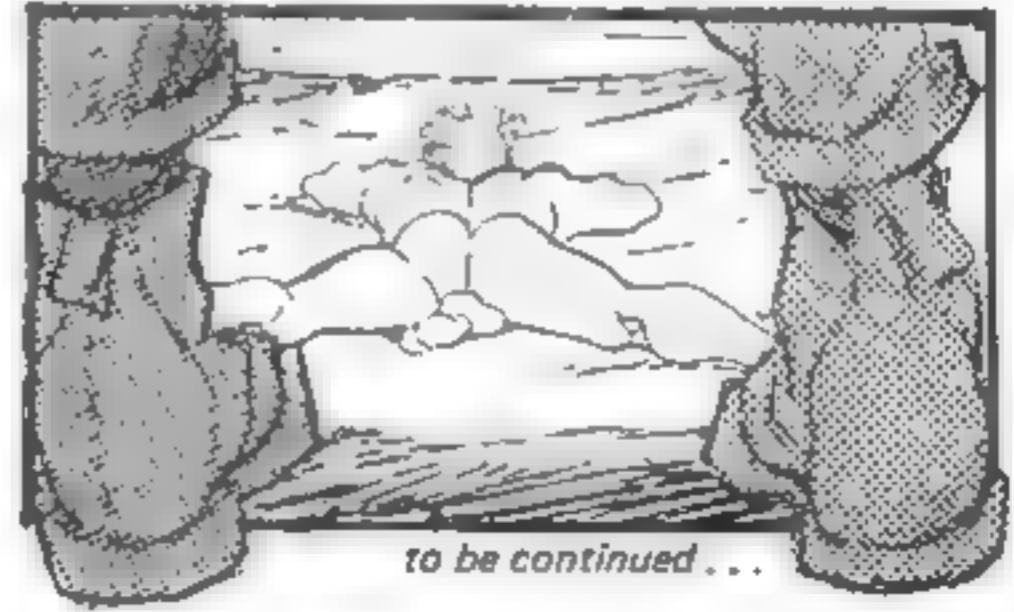
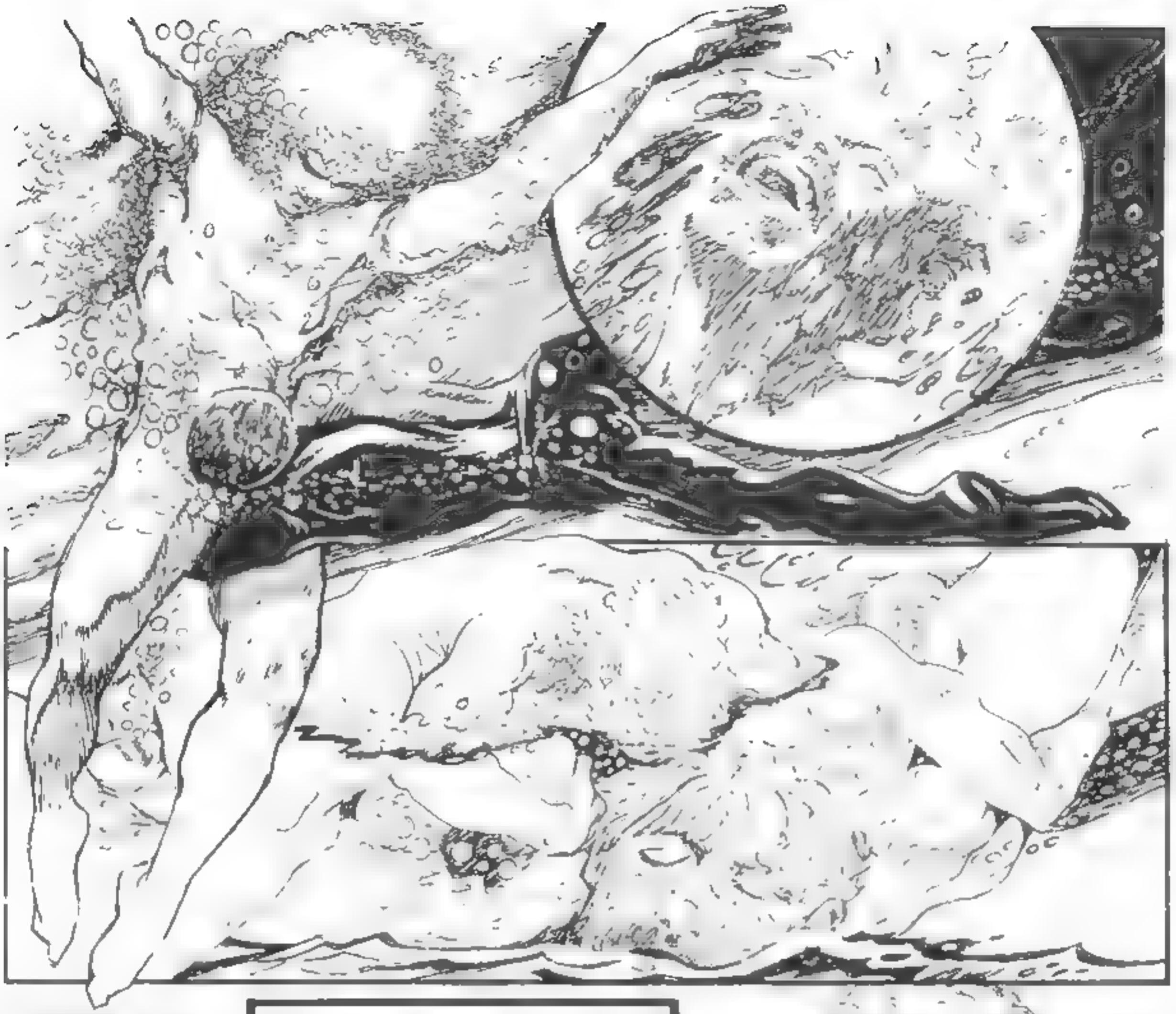
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THING TO GET
THE DUST OF
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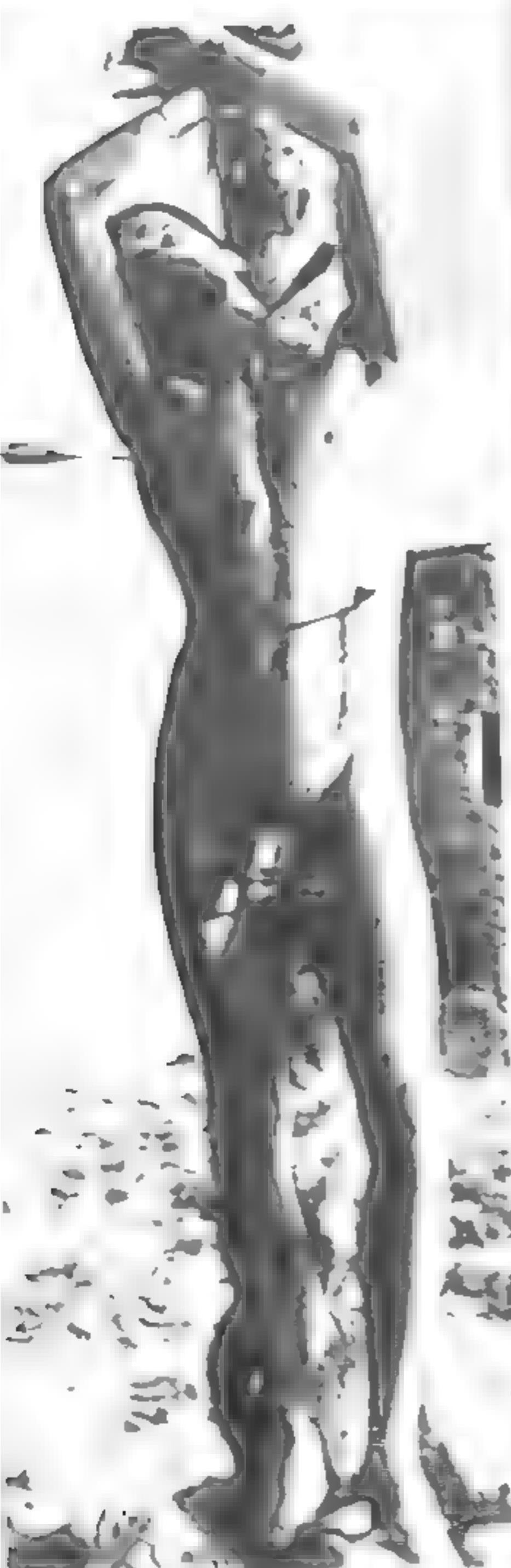






to be continued...

DRUMMER VIEWS The Flicks



SEBASTIANE

Sebastiane is a must-see two-cum movie about a Roman soldier who refuses the love offered by his commander. The plot is the same as Rod Steiger kissing John Phillip Law in *The Sergeant*, or Captain Marlon Brando coveting Private Robert Forster in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, or the officer torturing the enlisted man in James Purdy's ultimate S&M novel *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*. The moral of all these encounters is that when a senior man offers his sexual attention, the younger man had best put out.

ULTIMATE PIERCING

Sebastiane, who likes to suffer and be degraded in pigstys, refuses love when it's offered. He is strung up, always stripped naked, whipped, stretched spread-eagle across burning sand dunes, taunted, tormented, beaten, suspended, and finally led across rocks to a stake where in absolute cinema realism, his naked and leathered comrades one by one take deliberate aim with their bows and slowly, carefully, deliciously shoot his naked and bound body full of arrows.

Sebastiane's true story first appeared in the Roman martyrology. More recently his story was obliquely told in *Suddenly Last Summer*. In one very literal version, the spear-n-sandal epic starring Rhonda Fleming called *The Revolt of the Slaves*, *Sebastiane* is shot full

of arrows for being straight. (This guy can't win for losing!)

CLASSIC BATHS

This British *Sebastiane* was beautifully photographed on location in Sardinia. Lots of blond English meat. Lots of dark Mediterranean meat. Cut and uncut. *Sebastiane's* bath-house scene by itself is worth the price of admission. The soldiers slowly bathe, lit by incredible shafts of sunlight. They scrape sweat and sand from their naked, oiled bodies using the ancient strigil. Tableau after tableau, *Sebastiane* is full of scenes based on those bookplates that strangely turn on (and bring out) freshman highschool boys in their Latin grammars. And Latin is, for all you cunning linguists, the spoken language of this subtitled film where "Motherfucker" translates to "Oedipus!"

In some footage the film is a little too pretty, a little too Fire Island, a little too much of a five-n-dime imitation of Ken Russell, whose *Devils'* set designer laid a bejeweled finger on *Sebastiane's* production. The inimitable (and why would one bother?) Lindsay Kemp opens *Sebastiane* with a Cockettes burlesque orgy. Once you get beyond the first seven minutes, you can fairly much get behind the plot, character, and technique of this rather well made 90-minute feature.



One dissatisfaction: in the ultimate martyrdom of Sebastian, who is the great masochist saint of Christianity, the commander who loves him should be the executioner who shoots the final arrow that in its phallic entry delivers Sebastian from his own too mortified flesh.

Jack Fritscher



DRUMMER views the Flicks



BLUE COLLAR

The dirty monotony and noise that goes on 24 hours a day, 7 days a week along the assembly lines of an auto plant are the focus of *Blue Collar*, a grim film produced by T.A.T. Communications Company for Universal. Relief is provided only by the hustlers: those making book, selling one kind of drug or another, or pushing prosties. Another kind of distraction is provided by the despised foreman, "Dogshit" Miller (Borah Silver), whose hourly inspections are punctuated by sarcastic jibes.

Were it not for Technicolor and language that matches the color of the title's collar, one might think he was watching one of those mid-thirties Warner Bros. films with John Garfield. The gloom is pervasive, slicing through life as matters go from bad to worse. (The death of Smokey James, searingly played by Yaphet Kotto, is one of the most gruesome in recent movie history.)

No group in this movie comes up smelling like roses: the union is as corrupt as the management. In *Blue Collar*, after all the double-dealing and violence and bloodshed, nothing changes. One villain replaces another, and the anonymous

faces begin to merge. The ending is a freeze frame of naked hatred.

Brothers Leonard and Paul Schrader developed the screenplay from source material "suggested by" Sydney A. Glass, and Paul himself directed. Unpredictable Richard Pryor tops the cast in a role to a great extend custom-written for him, and he shares billing with that almost-a-star, Harvey Keitel. In support are such heavyweight character actors as Harry Belafonte, Borah Silver, and Cliff De Young. Hunky Ed Begley, Jr., is typecast as a naive youngster new to the assembly line. (You remember him running around in his shorts on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*.)

The operative philosophy of frustration is best summarized by Kotto, whose voice from his uneasy grave underscores that final freeze frame: "Everything they do, the way they pit the lifers against the new boys, the old against the young, the black against the white is meant to keep us in our place." This is not a sentimental visit on the waterfront. *Blue Collar* is a hardbitten slice of American life.

RECORD REVIEW

It's almost four in the morning. You're at the tubs and you're feeling sleazy, greasy and not quite ready to go home. Lying in your room filled with the smell of male sweat and sex, you light a joint and relax, allowing yourself to flow with the rhythmic music coming through the speakers.

The music has an unusual sound. You become aware that what you are hearing sounds like rock music played simultaneously over the soundtrack from the Kabuki sequence in Brando's film about post-war Japan, *SAYONARA*. There is a strange oriental guitar sound, odd percussion noises and an insistent rhythm.

You open the door to clear some of the smoke. You stand in the doorway surveying the passing traffic. A man nods and you respond by moving back into the room. He enters. Towels drop. The music underscores your rhythms: the stroking of cocks; tits pulled and squeezed; mouth-sounds on cocks and assholes; the smacking noise of sweating hips on greasy buttocks. Your partner groans loudly and repeatedly. The music crashes its crazy oriental rock into your consciousness and you realize that its hypnotic, exotic textures have been an important part of your sexual experience. The man leaves. You listen.

Alone, the twang and thwack of the Japanese instruments are alien to your Western ears. Some of the music is multi-layered and unusual. Some of it is a rock jam session with overtures of Eric Clapton's classic, *LAYLA*. You think you may not want to listen to it at breakfast when you are straight and non-sexual but you remember that you sure did fuck to it.

You check the time. The record stores will be open in a few hours. Time to go downstairs to talk to the hot d.j. to find out what he's playing.

TITLE: BENZAITEN

ARTIST: Osamu Kitajima

LABEL: Antilles Records, AN 7016

Original Japanese rock combining Western modes with classical/traditional Japanese musical forms and instruments. Performed by the 27 year old Japanese composer with the assistance of Japan's Kabuki Theater's top percussionist, Kisaki Katuda.

— Skip Navarrete

THE FIRST TABOO

by
Dan Sabbath
& Mandel Hall

END PRODUCT: THE FIRST TABOO
by Dan Sabbath and Mandel Hall, Preface by Abby Rockefeller. URIZEN BOOKS, N.Y., 1977. 287 pp.

Sometimes it's best to just dive right into a shitty job. Shit used to be something that we dropped behind us as we scooped out the maze of life. No more. In *End Product: The First Taboo* shit assumes a life of its own, rising from your American-Standard porcelain bowl to become money, power, sex, sin, plus twelve vitamins, fourteen minerals (including silver), chlorine, and eight natural soaps. Shit, we are told, as it wends its way through the intestines taking its own sweet time, might well be considered an organ of the body. It nurtures us and the friendly flora which protect our health. And it doesn't taste so bad either. Trouble is, we don't know shit about it, and have even less respect for it.

BROWN BAG LUNCH

End Product sets out to remedy all that, and except for a bit of overkill, succeeds in the end. Did you hear about the family in Des Plaines? In 1974, police responding to a reported break-in discovered something that would not attract your average thief. The floors of the family townhouse were covered with over 100 cubic yards of garbage and human excrement. That's a lot of shit. It took ten workers from the Department of Public Works, using gas-masks, to dig things out. Can you imagine watching Johnny Carson in a bedroom surrounded by ankle-to-knee-high shit? And each morning the mommy went off to her job as an R.N., the daddy to the supermarket, and the three kids to school. (I sure would have hated to sit next to one of them.) The plain fact is, their own shit didn't smell so bad to them.

After reading a few more such stories

and very strange facts, I flashed that perhaps this was all a put-on, sort of a "Carlos Casteneda dreams a crap," or a young writer thinking that this was how Mark Twain really got his start. But no, right in the proper place for such things were seventeen pages of notes, citations, and references. So, intellectually fortified, I trudged on looking for the dirty parts.

SHIT OR GO BLIND

I learned that everytime we have to strain to succeed, we risk a heart-attack, mental shock mimicking epilepsy or delirium tremens, possible coronary thrombosis or cerebral hemorrhage, or rupture of the spleen. We risk all this because we eat lousy, and don't have the sense to squat (like Boy Scouts) and let our body take care of things more naturally. And then, after we shit, we all walk around crazy if our asshole didn't wipe clean enough this time.

But what, I pondered, about disease, plague, famine, and spiritual death, from (gasp!) eating shit. If the first taboo is shit, and the last taboo is cannibalism, what fearsome territory lay between. I washed my hands and continued. Somewhere in here must be the answers: how to convince the unwilling to eat your shit (aww, just a taste); or, what way to prepare yourself to volunteer for heavy-duty action; how to know when you've rimmed enough ripe buttholes and you're ready for the real thing. I searched for directions on how to stifle the gag impulse, and think beatific thoughts as you convert the offering into the flesh. So many questions seemed unanswered.

EAT SHIT

Reading on, I soon found that not only is it a fairly common practice for animals to eat shit (remember when your dog used to do it, and you thought he was just afraid of getting smacked with a newspaper?). In fact we eat shit all the time, unknowingly of course, but plenty of it is present in our food, particularly if you are a gourmet and given to eating little creatures whole. I learned that shit did not appear in the dictionary until 1961; that the Library of Congress, with 16,000,000 volumes, lists only one with shit in the title, and it's missing (no doubt many more are full of shit). The Motion Picture Code doesn't even mention defecation. You can go to a movie and watch folks fuck, but in film, people do not shit. I could now tell you that the oldest surviving creations of man are fossilized shit; or that some babies shit before they breathe, most do before they eat, and many people do after they have died (passing over the fact that you always do when being executed or dying a violent death). The biography of our lives is sandwiched in shit.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DUMP

So, back to basics. What is this stuff we call shit? Well, shit is you. Shit is not simply unused food. A little of it is fibre

that you did not digest (and it's true that we meat-eaters shit much less than people whose diet is mainly grains, fruits, and vegetable matter). Most shit, however, consists of dead cells and dead bacteria: the stuff of life, now dead. When you kiss your shit goodbye, you say farewell to your own past. Shit in your intestines is inhabited by a hundred trillion little creatures of over three dozen varieties. We could not live without them, so they are part of us.

COPROPHAGES I HAVE KNOWN

How well I remember the first time someone wanted to eat my shit, or (he didn't care, really) have me eat his. It was in the 60's, and people barely admitted rimming yet. He was a hippie (which then had mystique) and we had just had super-sex. How well I remember his balls, the biggest I'd ever seen, like two extra-large eggs in a velvet sac. And then he told me what he really wanted. Struck dumb, I ever so slowly edged away, trying to find a way to retreat in time, so as to erase that terrible suggestion. (We did have grass, but far less popper then!) Recovering myself, (and declining), I had to ask why he would suggest such a thing. I could not understand. But he was patient with this young fool (I was 22) as he imparted his secret knowledge to me. "To eat shit of another person," he told me, "is a very spiritual thing. It is as close as you can get to another human being. It is a way of becoming part of them." It is, I later realized, the very heaviest compliment.

EAT SHIT AND DIE?

Well, is it safe to eat shit? *End Product* never quite tackles that. We are told that it is safe to eat your own, since you're certainly not going to get someone else's polio from your own shit. And further, that aside from high cholesterol content, fresh shit is unlikely to ever cause anything other than a bit of dysentery. (It is shit lying exposed that becomes a breeding ground for typhoid, cholera, and worse. Those little devils know a good

Continued on page 81

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YOU DIE — Continued from page 19

strike the men in the face with this club. If the Japanese did not think the Filipinos put enough force into their blows, the Filipinos themselves were beaten. Where the three men were standing, the earth was spattered with blood for several feet in all directions. Their half-conscious groans and cries were horrible to hear. At the end, they were battered beyond recognition, with the ear of one prisoner hanging down to his shoulder.

Kempei Tai, not surprisingly, allowed for individual ingenuity, as attested to by this eyewitness report on the torture of one Col. Johnson, a scapegoat escapee: "Take off your clothes," he was ordered. Wordlessly, Johnson climbed out of his prison uniform and the paper sandals which the Japanese had issued to the men in exchange for their leather combat boots. At bayonet point the naked corporal was marched to a sentry post near the camp water pump. Mesao, the commandant, filled two large buckets with water. Then he placed one in each of Johnson's hands.

"Hold them high," the commandant instructed. "If you lower the pails or spill any water, this sentry here will shoot you." He turned and walked away. The punishment began as dusk settled over Tokyo No. 3. It was a long night. Within a very short time the pails felt like giant hands that kept pulling his arms toward the ground. His muscles strained and the agony crept through his body inch by inch until he felt as if he were on fire. Shortly after dark the cold began to bother him. Japanese nights are chilly, and a refrigerated sea-breeze swept in from the ocean only a few hundred yards away. The icy breeze on his sweat-soaked skin made him tremble violently. His teeth chattered and his arms shook. He began to sob.

The sentry watched him impassively. As the water in the buckets began to slosh dangerously near the rim of the pails, the Japanese guard cocked his rifle. The sharp click of the hammer being drawn back filled Johnson with a life saving fury. Through sheer will-power he pulled himself together.

"Masao, you're a sonofabitch," he whispered.

After that he gritted his teeth and kept repeating the phrase like a litany. He was still saying it, over and over, when the orange sun came up out of the sea, and they came for him and took the buckets out of his numb and bloodless hands.

Another G.I. told of a particularly inventive technique heavy with homosexual overtones, to which he was subjected by two Nip non-coms he revealingly dubbed "Sergeant Mabel" and "Sadie the Sadist," aided by a third, "Doctor" Matsui. "I knew the Unholy Threesome meant business because Mabel's face was distorted by the twisted little nervous grin that always meant trouble, and Sadie had that wild look in his eye. The Japanese officer was all dressed up in his best uniform and his highly polished boots glittered in the dim light of the room, b... even the high sheen on his belt was shadowed by the brightness of the big Samurai sword that he carried unsheathed.

"Matsui stepped close to me. I stood at rigid attention, Japanese-style, my arms frozen tightly against my body, weaving a little bit because it's not as natural a position as the American posture of attention and it puts a strain on a man's muscles — especially when a man's standing on a pair of high, wooden clogs as I was doing.

"Matsui stuck the big naked Samurai sword between my legs, and then, slowly, gently, he started to flick it with his wrist so that the sharp edge of the blade beat a steady, easy tattoo at my naked crotch. I tried to lock him on with a steady stare but he wouldn't have any part of that. He was staring at my crotch, rapping at it like he was trying to flick away a fly. Then he started to bring the blade up a little harder, and I fought back an urge to flinch away. Mabel and Sadie were delighted at my discomfort, but happily for me, Matsui tired of the flicking sport although I knew he was a sadist just I hadn't moved. I guess that the big beads of sweat in my hair behind my ears had stung him that I was sufficiently shaken.

A British officer's first person report now shows that the Kempei Tai refinements were not limited to American prisoners. They took me to my cell. It's went on. I was not taken to the latrine and the cell was so hot I died with my own heat. I was fed only on tea, bread, water and water. I began to suffer from cramps, weakness and dizz. See's

"Two weeks passed. Then I was taken to New Zealand. I

fice. There was a purple flower in the vase. Funny how you notice those things. Noguwaka was manicuring his beautifully kept nails. 'Are you ready to confess now?' he asked blandly. I shook my head. 'You have nothing against me. If you did you would confront me with it.'

"From that moment my year of torture began. The tortures were large and small, prolonged and brief. Here are just a few of them:

"Four men took turns questioning me, operating in four-hour relays of two men each. During these prolonged interrogations they made me stand in awkward positions, like with my feet spread wide apart and my nose against the wall. If I changed position even slightly I was given a blow with a pistol butt that made my head swim. If I collapsed I was kicked until I struggled to my feet again. They seemed to have a fiendish knowledge when I was really collapsing or only feigning. The questions went on until I passed out, and were resumed the instant I regained consciousness. Sometimes they went on for as long as a week. The key words were 'Confess! Confess! Then you can sleep.'

"A variation was not to question me at all, but merely to keep me from falling asleep. My two torturers would seat me in a chair and sit a couple of feet away, facing me and not saying a word. Sometimes they chewed raw onions or garlic, then leaned forward, breathing in my face. You have no idea how unbearable that treatment can become after a few hours. I fought to keep awake but inevitably my head would sag forward. Then I'd be aroused by a stinging blow across the mouth.

"Toward the end of this no-sleep treatment I couldn't stay awake for more than a few minutes at a time and my face was a swollen mass of flesh that pained like a toothache. When I was finally dragged to my cell I'd fallen asleep instantly in my own excrement."

Kempei Tai practitioners seemed especially vicious when given the opportunity to apply their arts on macho Australian soldiers and sailors. The unique results of their efforts are documented in this report of the discovery of two dead Aussie G.I.'s: "One of these bodies was lying on the ground with his hands tied together in front of him, and his trousers pulled down around his knees, and tied down to his boots by his belt. He had the top of his ears cut off and about twenty knife or bayonet wounds in his body. His hands were tied in front of his head and his ears were cut as though he had been trying to protect himself. His buttocks and genitals had been frightfully mutilated. About six feet away, the other body was tied to a tree, with his hands behind his back.

In the same area of the jungle two other soldiers had been tied to a tree, facing forwards with their arms lashed around its trunk. Both had several bayonet wounds all over the buttocks and in the rectum. Another soldier, who had also been tied to a tree, appeared from his wounds to have been used as a bayonet training dummy."

This affidavit, by a Captain Kendall, continues, "On the track leading from Waga Waga to Lillihi I saw the body of another Australian soldier with his hands tied behind his back, lying face downwards. He was tied with string. The top portion of his skull was lying forward as if it had been cut through with a heavy knife or sword and had been chopped from the rear. He also had lacerations criss-crossing his back and shoulders. They appeared to be knife or sword wounds, and had cut right through the shirt into his flesh."

Australians caught while trying to escape might have yearned for such a death, as in this report of four who were so unlucky. "The four Australians were brought out of the detention barracks. They were stripped naked and hung by their wrists from overhead poles. The guards took turns wielding the *bushido*, a short, deadly cat-o'-nine-tails that bit into the flesh and pulled away skin every time it struck. When all four men had passed out, they were ordered cut down. A hose was turned on. Dirty green water shot out of the nozzle at very high pressure. The powerful stream was set on the unconscious men full blast. Within seconds the icy shower had revived them, but the salt in the water, driven into their raw flesh, was almost overpoweringly agonizing."

I.L. Weynton, another Australian captive, was suspected by the Kempei Tai of having operated a radio set. In his own words, "I was immediately beaten about the head and shoulders with a riding whip. I was again asked the same questions and again denied all knowledge. The Kempei Tai then held

me down, tore my shirt off and burnt me underneath the arms with lighted cigarettes . . . Three days later I was again taken out for interrogation, beaten and burnt as previously. In addition they applied ju-jitsu holds to me, throwing me round the room and causing me great pain by twisting my arms, neck, legs and feet.

"On 28th August I was taken by the Kempei Tai to another building for interrogation and treated once more in the same way. Because of the denials I made I was further tortured with cigarette butts, tacks were put down my finger-nails and hammered so that they entered the quick, and I was tied by the wrists to a beam and forced to kneel on the ground with my legs out behind me. A beam was placed over my ankles and two Kempei Tai officers see-sawed on the beam in such a way that the arch caused by the natural bending of the foot was subjected to extreme pressure. After about two and a half minutes of that torture I became unconscious and came to only after a bucket of water had been thrown over me. I was unable to walk for approximately four days."

And then there is the woeful tale of a six-foot-three-inch Australian sailor named Harper, navigator of the cruiser Perth which had been sunk off Java, who suffered this punishment for attempting an escape — as told by his "mate": The guards grouped together for their usual conference which always reminded me of a football huddle. They sprang apart. We waited tensely. The interpreter bellowed:

"Harper!"

"Harper stepped forward the required six paces. The interpreter screamed the punishment: forty-eight blows.

"Harper's ragged pants and shirt were stripped from him. He was ordered to face us and raise his arms above his head. The gaunt figure — he had wasted from 200 pounds to 130 — threw a gauntlet, grotesque shadow which stretched to our silent ranks. The guard in charge of Harper's cell block stepped forward and took up a stance about three feet behind and a little to the left of Harper. Grabbing the shaft in both hands, he drew the club back and then, with a powerful, full-shouldered swing, brought the wood whistling through the air to land with sickening impact on Harper's kidneys. Harper had his legs spread wide, but the force of the blow was so staggering that we could see his body lurch slightly forward.

"Again and again in that bright silence the guard, working himself into a fury, swung the club against Harper's naked back. We counted, as we always did, the blows. At twenty-three, the guard was spent. There was blood on the club now. He handed it to another and the beating went on without pause. Harper's skin now weaved slightly at our feet but his eyes were fixed on a point above our heads. He had not uttered a sound.

"Forty. Another guard, fresh and strong, took up the

club. It seemed impossible that any human could stand under the fury of those last eight blows. The shaft literally screamed through the air. At each blow, Harper's great, wasted frame quivered and shrank further. At a command from a guard, Harper lowered his arms and walked, unsteadily, back to his place in the line. As he turned, I could see the raw expanse of his back. The flesh hung in shreds. Harper was out on his feet."

But perhaps the Japanese-Russian excesses, resulted in the most awful of the Kempei Tai excesses. One short document serves to illustrate the Nipponese attitude: "The mutilation of the bodies of Russian soldiers on Russian territory as early as 1938 during the Lake Hasan incident, was quite common. A young lieutenant was wounded and taken prisoner by the Japanese during an attack on the Russian lines one evening. On the following morning, after a successful Russian counter-attack, the young officer's body was found.

"Five stars had been carved on his back. A large star, with the hammer and sickle, was carved on his chest. Cartridges had been hammered into his eyes, the skull was fractured in many places, and both wrists and ankles had been smashed. His penis had been cut off and an anti-tank shell driven into his stomach. The soles of his feet were scorched, his fingernails torn off, his tongue cut out and his ears cut off. No detail of mutilation had been omitted."

Still, perhaps, such torture was not entirely gratuitous, at least when one considers this story of the Russians' treatment of a group of Japanese prisoners: "All prisoners were marched to the center of the prison camp poor. There, tied to poles, were 17 Japanese soldiers. A cordon of Russian guards stood around them, holding large, savage police dogs.

"What happened next was incredible. The officer gave his instructions in Russian. The guards cut away the 17 prisoners' uniforms leaving them naked. Then several Russians from the camp kitchen approached the prisoners. Each man bore a kettle of steaming stew. The dogs, held tightly, were going wild. Gaunt and starved, the big animals were in a frenzy from the smell of the food.

"The Russians took ladles of the stew and gravy, and carefully smeared the food over the genitals of the Japanese prisoners. Then the Russians stepped back.

"At a signal from the commandant the obviously starved dogs were released. At once the great brutes dashed forward, driven wild from the sight and smell of the stew. Never, never can one forget the screams and shrieks of the prisoners as the sharp teeth of those savage brutes began their grisly repast. Finally, the guards rushed in, beat the dogs senseless with clubs, then dragged them away. Only one prisoner died immediately.

World War II was great fun, but it was just one of those things.



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CAPTAIN O'MALLEY

Continued from page 35

That beautiful juicy, juicy tight crack

P: Shit!

O: That Marine crack. Aright

P: (HESITANTLY) Yessir.

O: Okay

P: Yessir

O: And you're not going to cry, are you? Marines don't cry.

P: Nossir

(CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SLAPS CORPORAL POWELL'S ASS SEVERAL TIMES)

O: Aright?

P: Yessir

O: The Captain's gonna fuck you in the butt

P: Yessir

O: Okay, now let's get into it. Captain's gonna go sorta slow to start with. Right? The Captain's gonna go sorta slow to start with. Okay...

P: (MOANS SOFTLY)

O: Now, let's just put the fuckin' head in, awright...

P: (LOUD MOANS)

O: Stick the fuckin' head in... you feel that head goin' in? You feel that fuckin' head going in?

P: (MOANS)

O: Bite your hand, now bite your hand, the Captain tells you to bite your hand. Bite your hand. (MORE SLAPS AND MOANS) C'mon, Corporal Powell, you can take it. You're a man. You're a big man, a fuckin' Marine. You can take a big cock. You can take a cock up your butt-hole. Open that butt-hole up for the Captain. C'mon, Corporal Powell. Captain O'Malley wants to fuck you

P: (GROANS, MOANS, AGONY, GRIT AND GUTS)

O: That's right. Keep shitting. We'll just push it back up in there. We'll push that ass back up in there. We'll open you up wide. Fuck you deep. Hard. Because you're the Corporal.

P: Yessir.

O: The Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley.

TWO-SHOT holds featuring faces of CAPTAIN O'MALLEY and CORPORAL POWELL as the CAPTAIN continues to fuck the CORPORAL to mutual orgasm. To show time passing, DISSOLVE both faces slowly down under a MONTAGE of MARINES on maneuvers, in close-order drill, in combat practice with pug-sicks, in motivational discipline in heavy SMC brig confinement, sweating in the shimmering heat of the obstacle course scaling ropes, crawling through mud at a D's feet, showering, shaving, spit-showering boats, cleaning rifles, at mail-call, at mess. MONTAGE DISSOLVES into CLOSE UP face of CORPORAL POWELL, alone, jerking off in the half-lighted WARDROOM, NIGHT. Hall lights come on over transom. A rectangle of light falls across POWELL'S face, torso, and dick.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



MEN'S BAR SCENE SOCIAL NOTES



GOES TO A
**SLAVE
AUCTION**
AT THE

SAN FRANCISCO
ARENA
MCMXXVIII



Slavery hasn't been abolished. It's been improved upon. Used to be on the ol' plantation, a master had to care for his slave to maintain him in top fucking condition. Nowadays, factories and companies work men like donkeys and when day is done, dump them. Who cares if workers drop in their tracks? Meat is cheap. Scabs are plenty. Call them replaceable.

THAT'S THE STRAIGHT WORLD FOR YOU!

Gay men, on the other fist, rarely let reality slip. Like Shakespeare's fool, who

always knows the truth of what's happening more than any other character in the play, gays act out fantasies that straights for themselves nurture into mid class, middle-age, middle-West nervous breakdowns. Gays know exploitation when they sniff it, and gays can better endure the straight business world by day because we live the gay actualizing world by night. If your boss acts like a second hand Simon LeGree, what better balance than to go off to San Francisco's ARENA on Wednesday night for a firsthand actualization — if not downright exor-

cism of playing slave and playing master

PETER PAN UBER ALLES

If gay men have anything, it's the sense of play and fun that most straights lose at puberty. That may be, after all, the essential difference between straights and gays. Gays rarely lose that wonderful childlike quality of make-believe play.

That gives us an edge

Straights often know the price of everything and the value of very little. Gays know prices, but we also know the value of humor, ritual, and therapeutic





sexplay. Unlike the women's movement and other movements, we have a sense of humor about ourselves.

Many straights, and here we grossly overgeneralize because after all "some of our best friends are straight," take life literally. Too literally. One guy plus one guy always adds up to a couple of three-dollar bills. A slave is a slave is a slave. The word *SLAVE* connotes up visions of The Emancipation Proclamation and the Marquis de Sade. Symbolically, former

LA Police Chief Ed Davis, the fascist who would be governor, thinks of slaves by legal, literal definition. Has Ed Davis never knelt in romantic fealty before his wife, adoring her whatever she has to adore?

And would those straights who condemn slavery ever recognize that they are 8-to-5 slaves Monday through Friday, with their wives and kiddies held hostage by their boss who says, "You must work overtime every night this week and I

know you won't mind since your kids need the orthodontist and you need me to pay you to pay him and if you don't like it, there's a hundred people outside the door who want your job."

That's the essence of straight slavery as perfected in the world today.

by JACK FRITSCHER
Photos by BOB HEFRON



Continued on page 76



DEBUTTEER GOES TO A SLAVE AUCTION

GAYS WON'T EAT CERTAIN SHIT

There is some crap up with which gays will not put. Having wives and kids and the whole two-car catastrophe held hostage by terrorist bosses is one of them. That's why we can play sensually with the very slavery that straights earn their keep by.

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR

Sensual play is the Name of the Game at the ARENA. On the block, stand hot



bodies "sold" for playmoney to the highest bidder. Are you a Top in search of a new Bottom? Bid the world as your limit. (That's how Ari got Jackie!) Are you a Bottom who's always wanted a Top you've been afraid to approach? So there he stands, dripping with chains and attitude, in full leather, up for auction to the Bottom who bids the highest.

The auctioneer schooled in the erotic patter of the old Folsom Prison auctions, displays the wares of the slaves with a spiel to harden your cock, not your heart; and that's an essential difference between gay slavery and straight. The essence of real straight sexual slavery is most currently exposed in Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby* where the young virgin is sold without feeling. The ARENA's gay slavery is a theatrical ritual acted out over a mutual bond of consent. And with a sense of humor.

PRIME MEAT

Nobody forces a guy to strip naked and kneel in oiled bondage on a block, displayed to a group of drinking, smoking, bidding men.

Nobody forces a blond bodybuilder to come to the ARENA, sweaty from the gym, wearing a torn white t-shirt over his pumped pectorals and veined biceps. Nobody forces him when he asks to be hung from a beam, hooded, until some merciful master bids high enough to take him home to the foot of his bed.

Nobody forces the leather-biker Top to drive his Harley Sportster into the ARENA where he sits, legs spread wide, waiting for the Bottoms to bid his Top play-money price.

COLLEGE MIXERS

The ARENA slave auction is the gay-world equivalent of the best of college mixers. The auction action breaks down the isolation of guys too shy to talk to one another and allows matches to be made, if not in heaven, then at least at the corner of Ninth and Harrison in San Francisco. The crowd of bidders parties together surveying the meat. The boys on the block overcome their own shyness or parade their exhibitionism or act out what needs they feel free enough to act out in the wonderfully permissive world of gay sociability.

BIBLE BELTING

Sometimes play is the world's best therapy. And the unfun straight world, so afraid of us in the Dades, St. Paul's, Eugene's, and witchhunting Wichita's, could take a cue from us. Everybody in America ought to play more. Thursday mornings, after the 11 PM Wednesday ARENA auctions, a lot of gay men go smiling off to their responsible straight world jobs. And don't those certain smiles just kill the unsmiling, unplayful, jealous straights who long ago, listening as usual to the literal word of that 4,000-year-old folk document the Bible and to the words of that closet-case St. Paul who deserved to be knocked from his high horse, "Now that I am a man I have put away the things of a child."

"Well," as Annie Hall would say, "La dee da!"



LOVE FOR "SALE"

As one slave at the ARENA put it as he oiled his washboard belly, "How am I different from Arnold Schwarzenegger or any other bodybuilder in a Mr. America contest? All my life I've liked playing with other boys and now with other men. You can't imagine how good I feel up there on exhibition in that hot spotlight,

listening to those bids going up. What the fuck do you think I spend so much time every week at the gym for? To show off my body. I like guys and I want to sort out the ones who really want to get at the part of me that right now is the part I want to parade around. We'll mutually satisfy each other. Yin. Yang. I'm not a slave to anybody or anything,

not even to my cock. Hell, this slave auction is just a bar promo gimmick. It's like bingo night at St. Philomena's Catholic Church. No money changes hands. We all get into it because it's a good show. It looks good and feels better. In a sense, the ARENA slave auction is an evening of conceptual art."

And it sure beats jacking off at the Louvre."





DOMINATION BY SUBMISSIVE MEN

Neil Marks in the January, 1978 *Blueboy* writes with great insight on "ATTITUDE." I'll take my space in DRUMMER to continue the dialogue. His idea of "attitude" is the Colt-type of super masculinist posing. "The implication of this combination (Colt-like physical characteristics) for the onlooker is that the fantasy man in question will take sexual control and allow his object (the viewer) to give up (sexual) control: basically he is your hot Drummer type S.M. fantasy man. The super confidence the FANTASY has is the turn on and what you surrender to. Not necessarily do you give in to the real man. In fact, often when (and if) he exposes himself to not be the fantasy bargained for the attraction is dead. Then what are you balling and what does it mean (if anything)?

The strength of the fantasy is enough. Why indulge in the reckless game of life as it really is? Sex is the real *Fantasy Island*. You're NOT going to meet the REAL thing. Not ever. Because the real man can never exist as strong as you will create him in your own mind. But is that sexually valid or is that forever chasing rainbows? So what do you want? When the fantasy can be as rich as your imagination, reality (beloved by some as much as it is) pales in comparison. Should you

feel guilty because your fantasies are superior to your realities? (Does my editor, who knows I can't type, want any less to ball with me?) FUCK IT! Why even bother to be human if you cannot use all at your disposal and enrich your life. Do you really WANT your fantasy to actually exist?

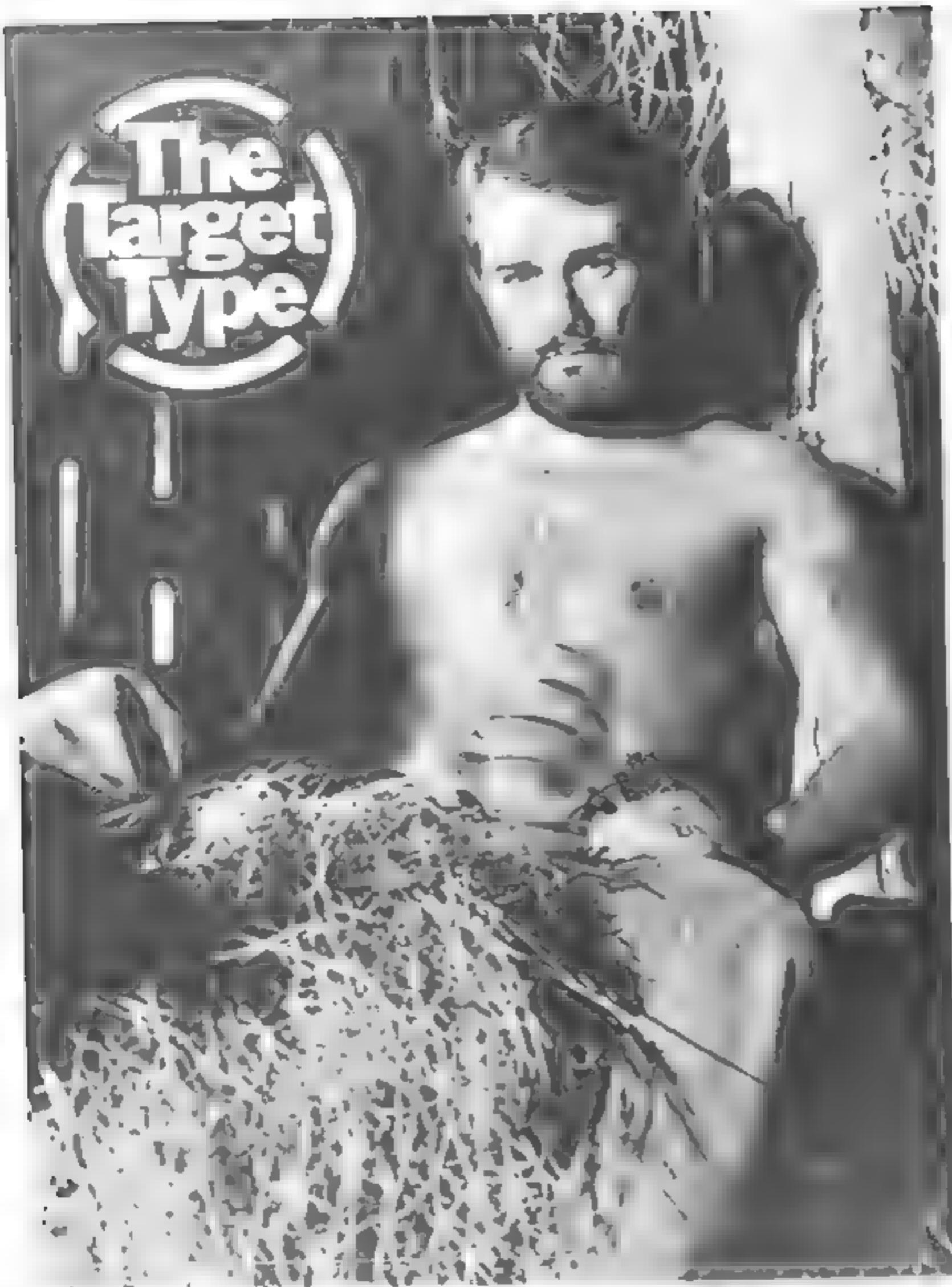
"For one to play attitude he must accept the axiom that attitude means sexual confidence or an acceptance of certain general standards of sexual artistry." I'll take it. I wonder (for myself) which world in fact IS real. I create men in my mind out of bedpartners and get pissed off when they don't STAY in their image (at least through the fuck). Nothing is worse than picking up a hot dude, after a "qualifying" conversation, then finding out that he is SURPRISED that you really meant whatever your rap was. The artistry of sex, of course, is an applied creative art. Day-to-day you aren't the stud that you are when you walk into your favorite bar. I think a lot, analyze, and generally work over the character that I have created not only for the bars but also for my porno persona. I like the character I play in porno movies and he is a real character. He is NOT me, but he certainly is IN me.

Marks gets intriguing as he tries to explain the bottom man. "The mythology is that if one allows himself to be physically penetrated, he is giving up control. By the same token, it is widely

FRED HALSTED

thought that one who is physically penetrating is taking control of the situation." That IS what the myth tells us, but WE know that it is far from the truth. *The actively passive man certainly is NOT out of control of the situation. The alert bottom can control almost any sane top, and very simply, without losing the sexual tension of the scene.* He directs the top man into the scenes. In many ways *the top man is sexually exploited* and forced into narrow roles by the bottom. There is SO much he can't do that maybe he would like to do, but doesn't 'cause it would reduce his image. Gays also get trapped into straight stereotypes of macho-masculinity. The old gay stereotypes of the gay stud who is greek active and french passive PERIOD clearly needs to be liberated. At the risk of sounding the revisionist it is time to treat ourselves as men simply celebrating sex with men. Gayness so frightens straights because it is so attractive. Why should we S/M top studs inhibit ourselves? We all certainly have been dominated (in the sense of fucking in a certain style to please our bottoms) by submissive men.

I'm not saying that you should run down to your local disco. I am suggesting that we not be trapped by our attitudes. Clearly, we can keep our macho and expand our awareness at the same time. Read Donna Summers' poem on the jacket of her album *Once Upon A Time*



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SHIT

Continued from page 69

thing when they smell it.) The book abounds in historical nonsense, but fails to suggest that eating an apple after getting into scat, not only keeps the doctor away but also freshens the breath. PISS ET CETERA

Most disappointing of all, I was expecting a book about end products. I guess the title should have been a warning. The book was about shit. Period. But what about the body's other products, lovingly named *Egeste* by many? What about spit, lingers both white and green, or snot, piss in its endless variety, bouquets of sweat, bitter ear wax, the miracle of mucus from the eyes which not only turns to sand but also cures warts. What about puke, or pus, or our very breath, fulsome with the products of our continuing life? Our bodies keep producing, producing, producing. And there's someone out there hungry, hungry, hungry. Personally, whenever I see a hot stud spit on the sidewalk, I get a thirstful desire to suddenly become a streetcleaner.

SHIT: A DENIAL OF DEATH

Man's main task in life becomes the denial of what his asshole represents: that, in fact, he is nothing but body, so far as nature is concerned. Nature's values are bodily values, human values are mental values, and though they take the oftiest flights they are built upon excrement, impossible without it, always brought back to it. The fact is, we fear

our shit because it represents decay and death. Eat shit and challenge death; it might even be the spiritual adventure that I was told of so long ago.

WHAT IS THIS SHIT?

The book, as a whole, is a lot like chili. A tingle at the top, a great rumble in mid-passage, and pleasurable relief at the end. The authors are not credited with any other work, and the publisher is bushleague. It could well have been self-published or bear the invisible imprimatur of the C.I.A. The preface by Abby Rockefeller, whose patrician obligation is to educate and to inform, rages on about the linguistic weight of the word *shit*. She might better have seized the opportunity to plug her Clivis Multurum, a household waste and shit composting unit not requiring water. It's been reported that her great-grandfather would have given an awful lot for a good BM in his later years.

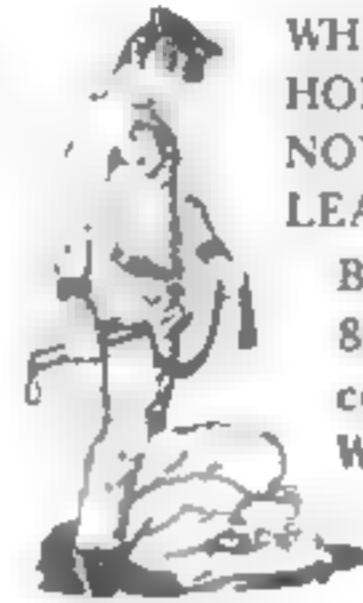
A BOOK FOR THE JOHN

Even during the California drought of the last two years, it was tacitly agreed by society that you didn't need to flush after pissing, but for godsake don't leave the bowl full of turds. But I've dabbled and smeared long enough. Just remember, we may be temporarily able to get shit out of our body but we can never get it out of our consciousness. Sabbath and Hall know that. Now we do too. Now if Abby Rockefeller could just drop a load!

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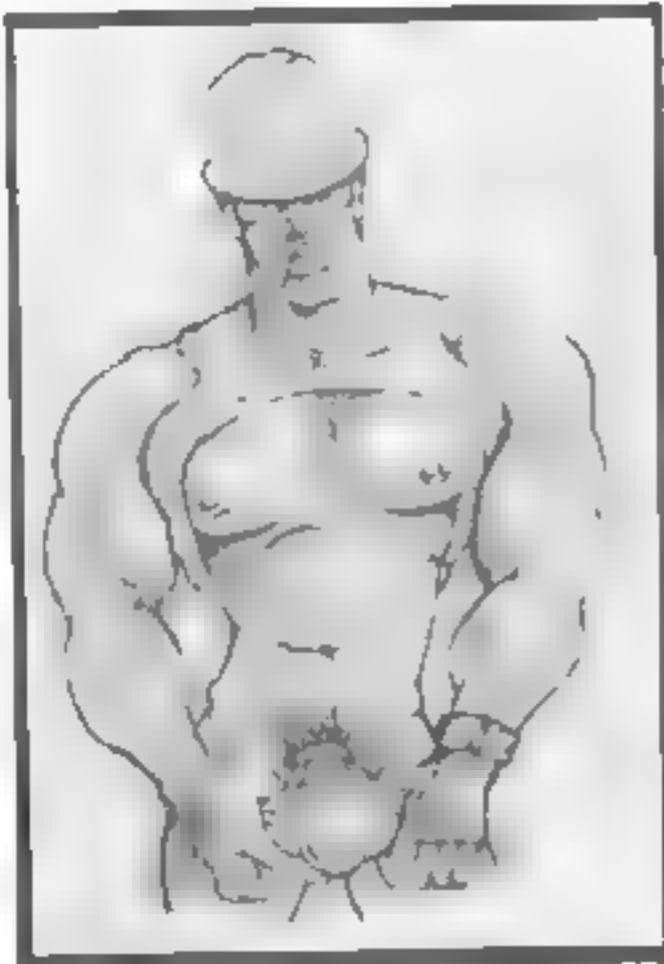
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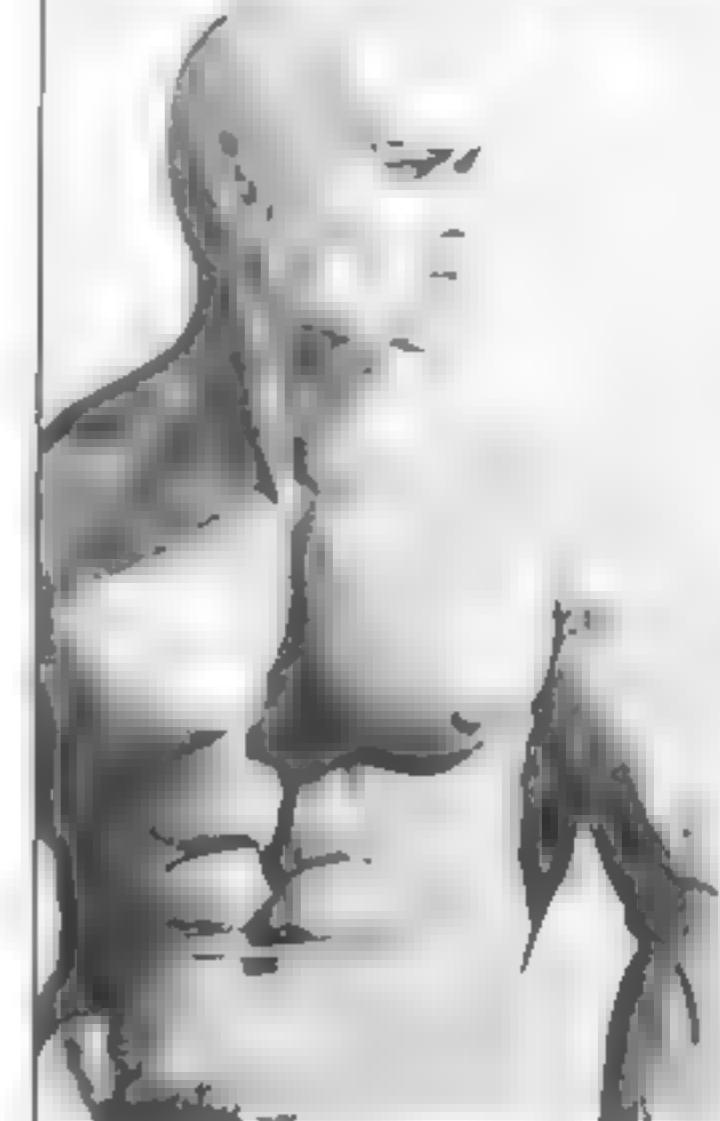
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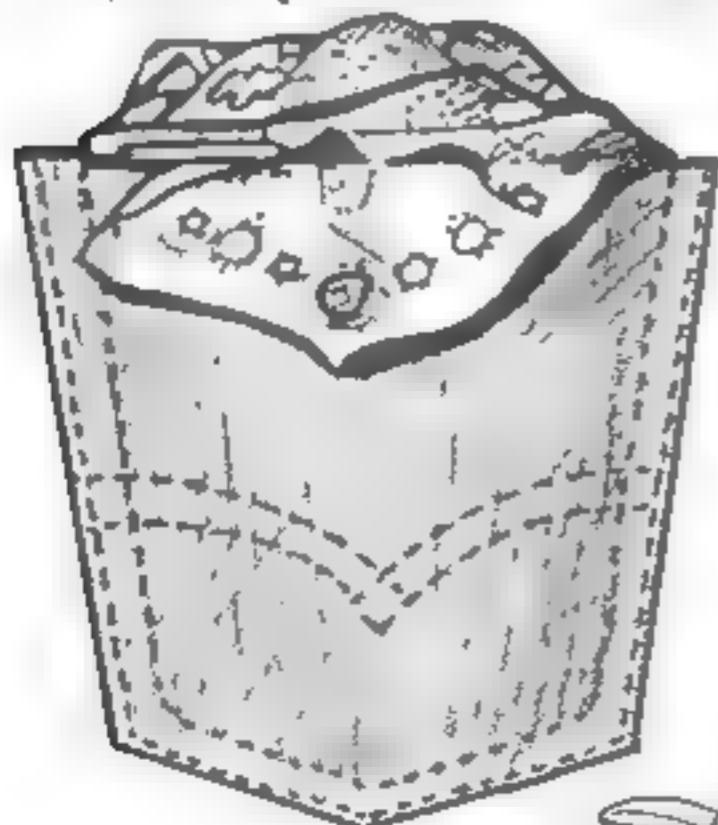
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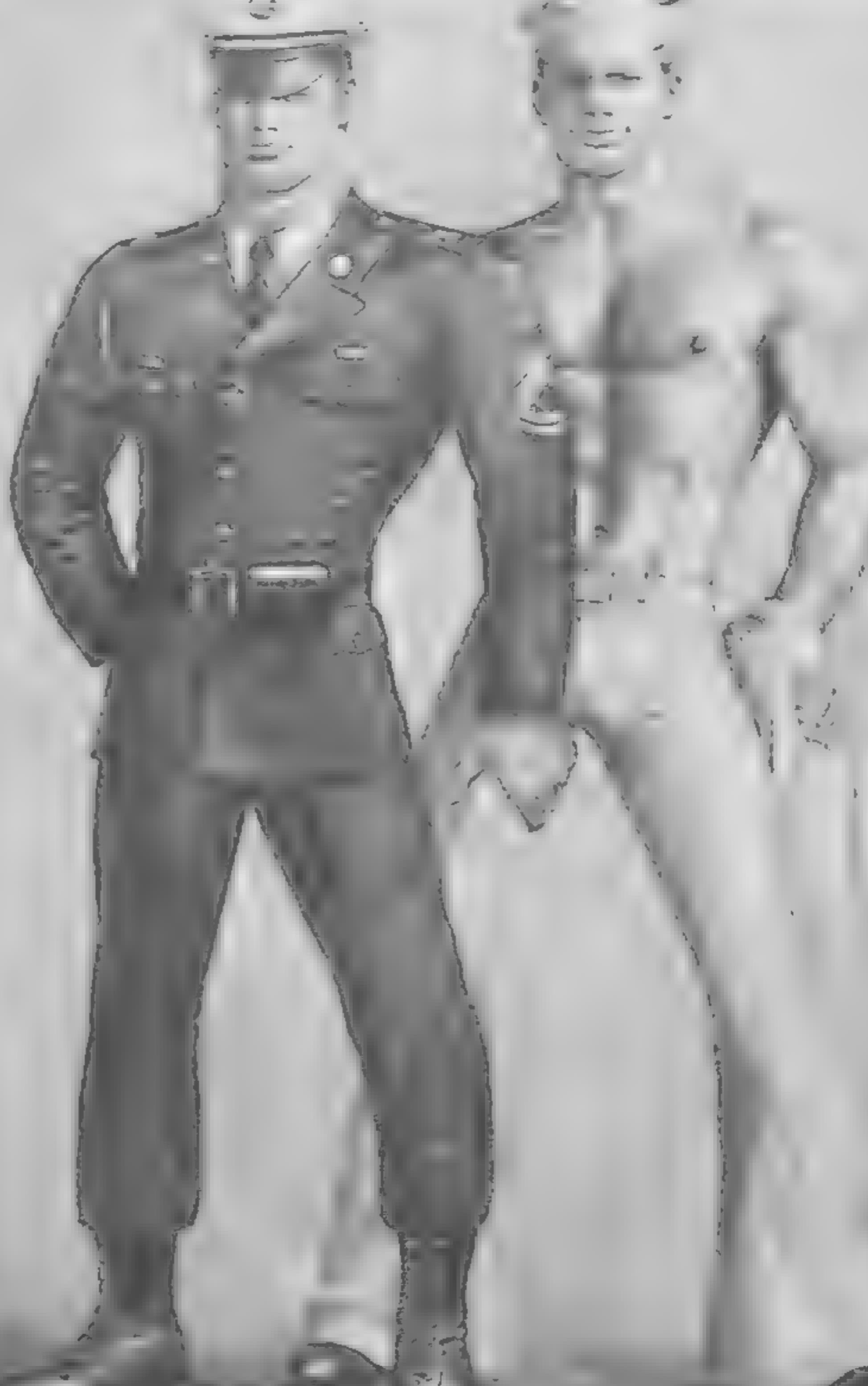
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Invitation admits bearer and one guest

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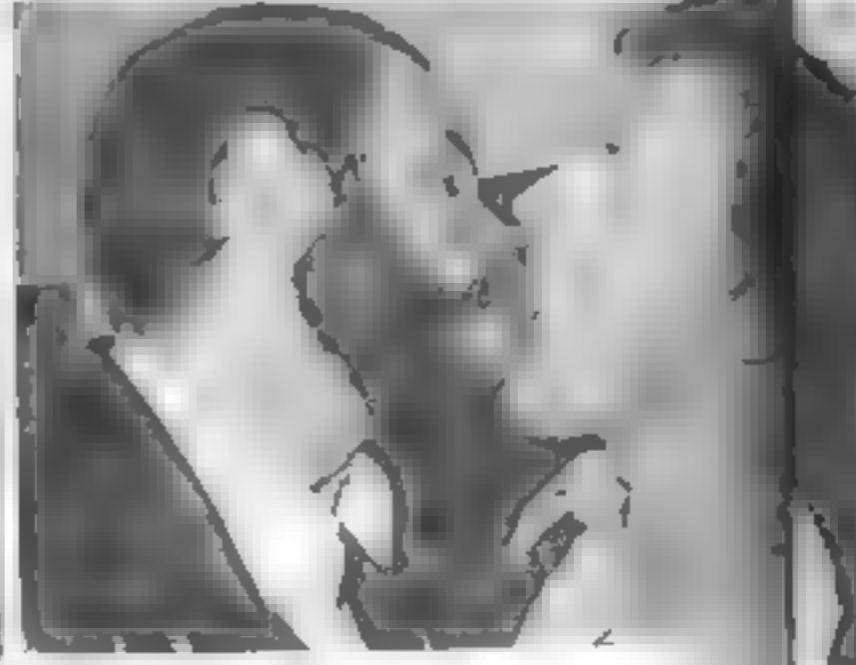
PHOTOS BY EFREN RAMIREZ







TOM



Interview Tom Of Finland

WITH
ROBERT OPEL

Opel: You are a man whose images have been widely circulated; perhaps you are the best known artist in the Gay subculture. Have you always been an artist?

Tom: I dreamt about being an artist, for a long time it was only a dream, I wasn't sure I could make it work, but for the past five years now I'm able to make it as a professional.

Opel: When did you first create the images that we know as the Tom of Finland Men?

Tom: I got my inspiration from pictures I saw in American body building magazines. I was very excited by them. I found the American type so attractive I started to draw them.

Opel: Do you feel sexual about your work?

Tom: Yes, otherwise, it wouldn't work. If I do a commission about a situation that really doesn't excite me, I notice that the work is bad. From the beginning I drew from my fantasy world because the real world didn't provide me with what I needed in the way of sexual stimulation. Even today when all things seem possible, when I draw I record my fantasies. When I first started to draw I felt embarrassed because I thought, well everyone can see through my drawings and know exactly what's going on in my head. But I've gotten over that and I draw exactly what I want to and I draw those situations that excite me.

Opel: You seem to have touched some universal space because a lot of people seem to get off on the same ideas.

Tom: I was surprised because they were very personal and to find out that a lot of other people had the same ideas, it made my work worth something and made me continue.

Opel: Do you live in Finland now?

Tom: Yes, this is my first trip to America

Opel: But your work isn't seen in Finland?

Tom: No, pornography is illegal and the images I create are considered to be pornographic.

Opel: Could you be prosecuted in your own country if you became visible as an artist there?

Tom: Yes, so I am known by very few people as an artist.

Opel: Where did your drawings first appear?

Tom: A friend of mine in Finland got a copy of Physique Pictorial and he saw some drawings in that magazine and he told me that I should send some of my work to them and they might publish it. This was in 1957. So I sent some pieces

to Bob Mizer who was the publisher and he ran them. He also gave me the name Tom of Finland because he couldn't pronounce my name and he thought his readers would be confused by a Finnish name. So I use this name professionally.

Opel: A lot of your work consists of stories, a series of drawings that form a scenario. You are a great storyteller.

Tom: Well that seems to interest people. I started doing this because there were some people who approached me who wanted a story depicted in 20 or 30 pictures; and I liked this very much so I began to draw stories from my own fantasies.

Opel: A series that I like is the one that involves circus performers. Beautiful men trapeze artists who fuck with each other in the air.

Tom: I always found men who worked with the circus to be very exciting. They had beautiful physiques. I wondered how it would be if they were fucking with one another. So I made them fuck one another.

Opel: Mostly you draw men, but I have seen some women that you've done. Do you like to draw women too?

Tom: I would like to draw women more, but I am homosexual and I am turned on by men. I just don't have the same stimulation when I draw a woman.

Opel: Do you get a hard-on when you draw these images?

Tom: Yes, oh yes.

Opel: Do you come when you do the final drawing in one of these very sexually exciting stories?

Tom: No, I hold off because I have to keep going; drawing more pictures.

Opel: I've jacked off many times to your images, and I know a lot of other people who have come all over them; you've given a lot of people some intense orgasms, which may be the very best thing you can do for someone.

Tom: I try.

Opel: There is a certain sense of exaggeration in your work. Do you really know many men who look like those you draw?

Tom: No, many people have told me not to exaggerate so much and I have tried to go back to drawing more normal figures but I noticed when I tried to do this there was no reason to draw. Today the photography is so good and the bodies of the models are so fine, I don't find a reason to duplicate that or compete with that. I deal with fantasies, directing attention to certain areas of the body; but sometimes I feel that I exaggerate too much.



Opel: You draw great asses.

Tom: I love asses, and so I do them very well.

Opel: Does it excite you to come here and have a show of your work and meet people who are turned on by your images?

Tom: Very much, it is very important to me to know that people are excited by my work.

Opel: Your men, even in the more intense Sado-Masochistic situations always seem to be having a good time when they are fucking.

Tom: I like to see people enjoying what they do. The men in my fantasies always enjoy each other. In one series the police force one of the men to have sex with them but he eventually gets the policemen to do it without force because they all like it so well.

Opel: Most of your work that appeared in America was not authorized by you; is that right?

Tom: That's right. Most of the work was reproduced from magazines that appeared in Europe and Scandinavia and I received no compensation for that. I have some commissions now from people in America for which I will be paid. And I have some representatives here and we have done a calendar together for which I receive a percentage from the sales.

Opel: Are you going to continue to draw the same images or are you considering some new directions?

Tom: I hope to leave all this one day and begin something new.

Opel: How many pictures have you drawn since you first started?

Tom: Well, I didn't keep a count when I first started but there are about two thousand. I have been doing the same thing for 20 years now and I need to grow. I need to make something new. I'll make a flower for you.

Opel: Wonderful, I'll have it made into a tattoo.

Tom: You won't be able to have it made into a tattoo, it will have too much color. Our relationship has a lot of color and I would express it in this.

Opel: I'll have Cliff Raven do it. The idea that you exist, Tom is quite exciting. I'm happy to know you and I'm very glad to have this time with you, and to share it with the readers of DRUMMER.

Tom: Thank you. The people here have been wonderful. I finally get to meet all the American men who turned me on so much in the photographs I have seen. They are very special to me.

MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAF

WESTERN / LEATHER / WESTERN / LEATH

CLUB SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco's Rich Street alley off of Bryant Street. Warehouse and factory lined. Hard macho men working late hours, talking dirty. You saunter slowly, hang it out in one of many doorways, work your crotch up, watching, checking it out, the workers, the men moving down through the alley. Feel the sexual energy wanting a work out, right here in the alley or if you want it more constructed, in the bath warehouse at the end of the alley: CLUB SAN FRANCISCO. A line of hot Levi-crotched dudes wait to get in, on Buddy Night, Unemployment Night, \$1 locker Night, or any night.

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top of the lockers two hairy-chested macho dudes, legs spread, eating out each other's ass. Putting on a sex show in lock straps, sweating, getting off, being watched, watching.

Cruise the place over. Private big-bedded, big mirrored rooms lined with horny studs in doorways beckoning action. Stop in, check out the equipment and see if it's what you want. There's plenty around. Keep the door open and a three-way can happen in minutes.

Cruisers and bruisers hanging out in dark corners and stairways. Veined hands working their piss-stained, used jocks. Eye contact. Work it and watch it being worked. You know how to turn yourself on, man.

If three isn't enough, try the dark bunk room with different leveled mattresses. Dudes waiting for any type of group action. Or the angled orgy room, sinister, mean. I'm here and I want SEX, hot, fucking STUD SEX. There's plenty of room for any type of sex movement. Join in or lean back, watch and work yourself up.

Wander into the room for glory-hole

suckers. Get it hard, shove it through, get it sucked. Hands grabbing onto the top of booths, asses pumping dicks through the holes. All the way to the base, fucker!

SEX HEAT O.D.

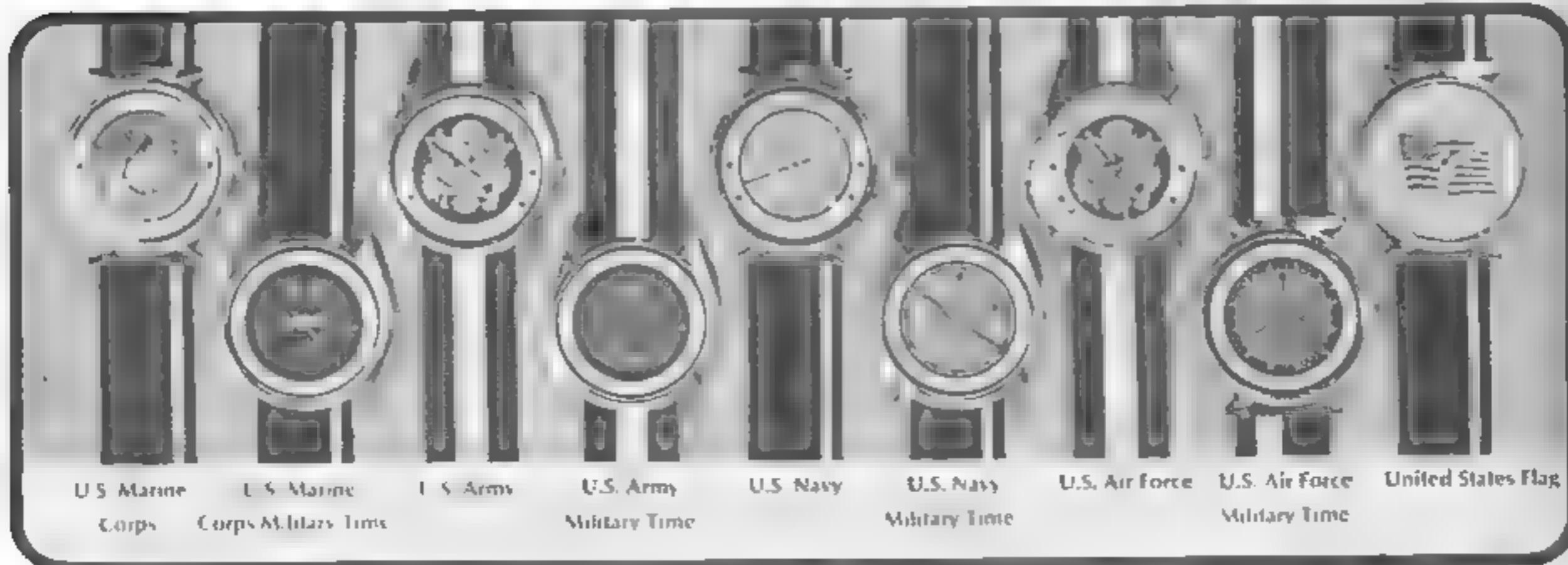
Once isn't enough in this place. So break for a rest. Relax, watch TV, or chew on some food from the snack bar and watch the hot bodies relax in the oversized jacuzzi in view of your table. Giant tropical fish move about in a large tank. Smoke a joint. Rest it up. Check out who's moving about. Catch the sounds of pumping weights. Feel your crotch jump fantasizing about studs working out.

In the mirrored gym room. Pecs bulging, pulling pounds of macho weight. Hair-lined stomachs tightening doing sit ups on angled boards. Athletes in jocks watching their muscles bulge in the mirrors. Hands rubbing jocks, smelling work-out sweat from their crotches. An exhibitionist's/voyeur's/smeller's paradise.

Follow the adored jockeyed-athlete into the john and smell his crotch. Get your



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MEN'S BAR SCENE MEN'S BAF

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face rammed where you want it. Taste it and feel the warm work-out piss stream anywhere you want it to flow. Cool tiled floors and hot, thick-streamed piss to turn you on in a dark toilet booth or at the pisser.

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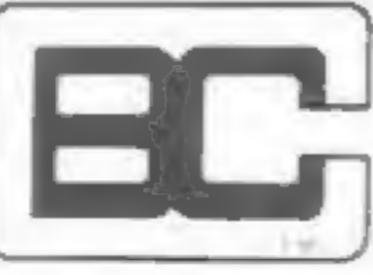
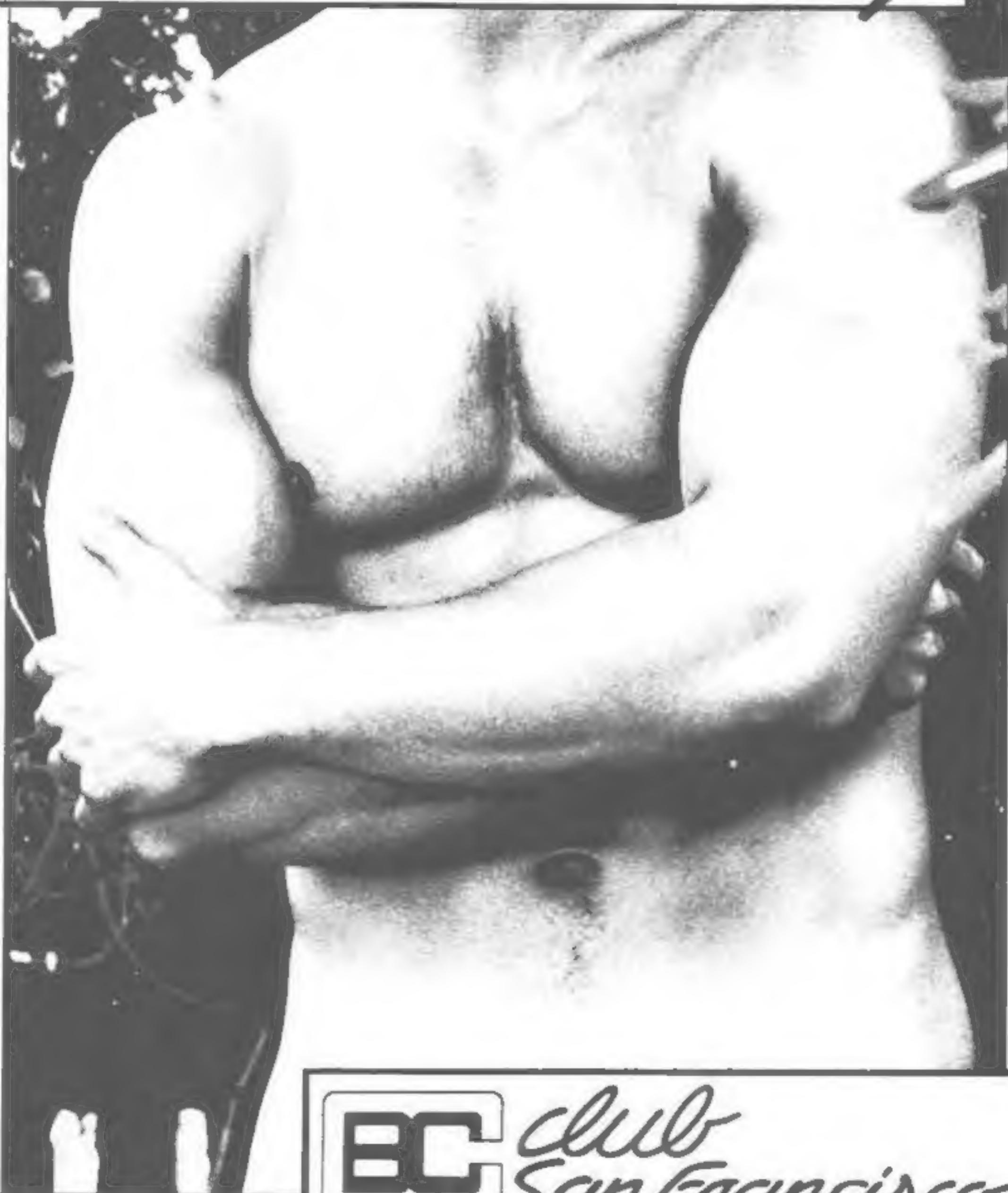
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